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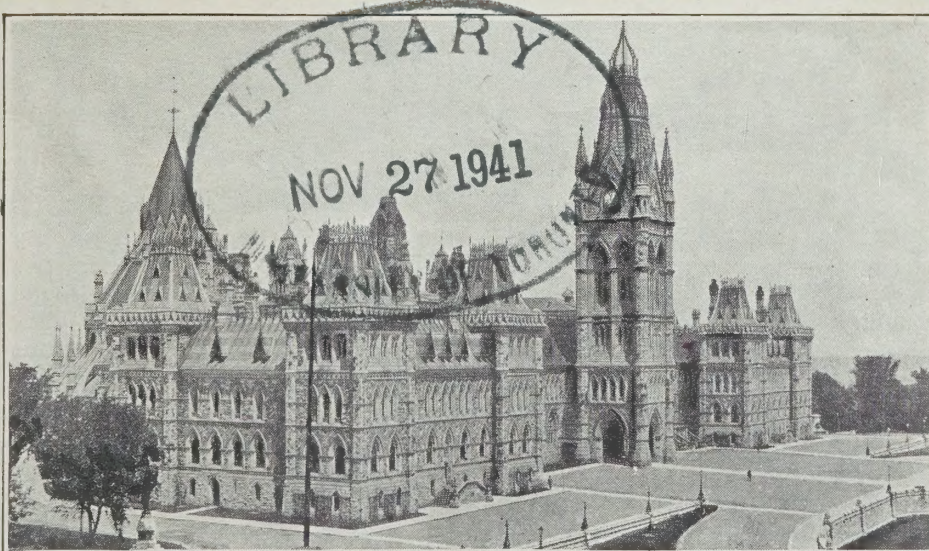
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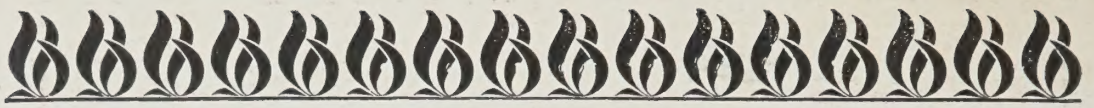
# CANADA

IMPROVED  
ONTARIO FARMS  
FOR  
OLD COUNTRY FARMERS

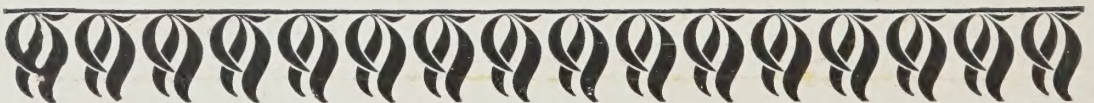


ISSUED BY DIRECTION OF  
HON ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR  
OTTAWA, CANADA.





**T**HE FOLLOWING PAGES  
ARE THE OUTCOME OF  
PERSONAL INVESTIGA-  
TIONS AS TO OPPORTUNITIES  
IN SOUTHERN ONTARIO FOR  
FARMERS, FRUIT-GROWERS,  
MARKET-GARDENERS AND  
AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.





*Canada, Interior, Dept. of the*

**CANADA**

**IMPROVED  
ONTARIO FARMS**

**FOR**

**OLD COUNTRY FARMERS**

**By ARTHUR E. COPPING (British Journalist)**

Issued by direction of  
Hon. ROBERT ROGERS, Minister of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Canada

**1912**



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# IMPROVED ONTARIO FARMS

FOR

## OLD COUNTRY FARMERS

### CHAPTER 1.

#### A BROAD SURVEY.

Canada—the larger half of North America—is one Dominion; but it is two countries. There is the developing Northwest, which is a new country; and there is the developed Southeast, which is an old country.

No one can think accurately about the Dominion who does not realize its dual character. When one reads or hears statements concerning Canada, it is essential to know which Canada is referred to—the vast country with a history running into centuries, or the vaster country that was opened up within the memory of middle-aged men. They represent two distinct stages of national development. In aspect and opportunities the one differs from the other very much as Great Britain differs from Rhodesia.

The two Canadas have been unequally served by the printing press. The Southeast, it is true, fills most space in the history books; but the Northwest has for long monopolized attention in pamphlets and periodicals. The birth of a new country involved the desirability of proclaiming its possibilities to the world, that population might be attracted. Moreover, the birth of a new country, with its romantic story of pioneers on the prairie, has provided writers with more interesting material than a long-established country could be expected to afford.

In a word, the praises of the Northwest have been trumpeted across the Atlantic, until to-day the average man in the British Isles, and elsewhere in Europe, thinks of Canada mainly as a great grain-growing region where settlers arrive to till the virgin soil. He knows little or nothing of the other Canada, old-established, historic, and dotted with numerous towns and villages having their surrounding suburbs of smiling homes—of the Canada furnished with a dense network of roads and railways—of the Canada mapped throughout, like England and Scotland, into small fenced fields, arable or pasture.

So far from old Canada offering no special opportunities and attractions to newcomers, it offers agricultural opportunities and social attractions of a character not to be found elsewhere in the Dominion.

Southern Ontario is far from being the oldest part of the Southeast. Its settlement dates back only about a century and a quarter. The “Upper Canada” of the history books, it was founded by many thousands of the British loyalists who withdrew from the United States when the United States were established. That sturdy race of pioneer settlers prospered and multiplied, and to-day their descendants of the third generation are still occupying farms in the province. But—and this is a fact of supreme importance to British agriculturists who may think of removing to Canada—the fourth generation, almost to a boy, has refused to carry on the family farms and traditions. A restless spirit has descended upon the lads of Ontario, and while many have already flown to the cities or to the Northwest, others are preparing their wings for that flight. Nor is the conduct of these young people difficult to understand.



Their grandfathers were reared in pre-Confederation days, and were the less tempted to stray outside the borders of "Upper Canada" because their interests as a colony were confined within those borders, and the attractions elsewhere that now tempt the present generation were then non-existent. The same remark also applies, in effect, to their fathers, who arrived at working years before the effects of Confederation were visible.

For the rising generation, however, the case has been different. They were born as citizens of a greater Canada, and of a Canada astir and athrill with the realization of its own potentialities. The boys heard of the rich prairie lands, and of the forests and arising cities and incalculable mineral wealth, out in the West; and is it any wonder that the homely farm life assumed for them a humdrum aspect, and that they yearned to adventure forth into the unknown regions of their national heritage?



An Ontario farm where mixed farming is followed.

There have been, as later chapters will show, contributory causes for the exodus of young Ontarians from Ontario; but it is enough that the boys have left the farms, and that, in consequence, the farms are on the market—cheap.

And what fine farms they are! I wonder, how do they figure in the mind's-eye of the reader? Has he a mental picture of a make-shift wooden home, with here a golden stretch of growing grain, and there a brown expanse of new-ploughed earth—the whole but a civilized foreground in a surrounding landscape of scrub and woodland and wild nature? Sir, that is all wrong.

Rural Ontario follows the general pattern of rural England. Campbell's farm of about a hundred acres adjoins Walker's farm of similar extent, and then comes Graham's, Smith's and Wicksteed's; and across the road is Cartwright's farm and old Bob Purdy's, with other farms to right and left of them, stretching half a mile in one direction to a village, and two miles in the other to a town. And behind all those farms are still more farms, bordered by another road, and that road leads also to a cluster of churches and chapels and pretty homes, with streets of shops and a town hall, a post office, a fire station and a market square.



In Ontario, as in our native country, the scenery is varied by hill and dale, by little clumps of woodland (the farm-house must have fuel), the occasional rush-grown pond overhung by willow, and the lines of tall and tangled vegetation that mark the course of streams. Nay, if we could conceive a sleeper wafted without his knowledge across the Atlantic, he would assuredly awake in Southern Ontario wholly unsuspecting, from a first general survey of the sunny and verdant country around him, that he had left the British Isles. Probably he would merely reflect gratefully that it was an exceptionally fine day. But if—to allow further rein to fancy—the involuntary immigrant were to take a stroll, and look about him with an inquisitive eye, he would undoubtedly detect some elements of novelty in his surroundings.

He would be likely to see sparrows—ordinary cheeky, chirping, greedy British sparrows—a sight too familiar to excite remark. But



Showing the barn with stable underneath for stock, and with wind-mill for pumping water and other purposes to which cheap power may easily be applied. The silo is seen in the foreground.

haply his astonished gaze would alight upon another bird, busy on the sward in search of worms—as big as a starling, only lankier, and with a bright crimson breast; this being the Canadian “robin,” though known to science as a thrush. Further surprise might be occasioned, as the stranger approached a cedar tree, by the sight of two ruddy squirrels playing hide-and-seek around the trunk; for the American squirrel, instead of scampering to upper branches on the first note of danger, takes pride in exhibiting his tail and his agility before a human audience. Another pleasant and perplexing experience would be to see (as on a summer’s day one scarce can fail to see in Southern Ontario) a big, beautiful butterfly—the Monarch, about twice the size of our Tortoise-shell.

Furthermore, we may suppose that chance leads the stranger to the garden of a farm-house, where he is likely to find trellises festooned by wild clematis, and the beds aglow with asters, zinnias and salpiglossis, with verbena, cannas and the scarlet geranium; and it may be that he will behold, flying swiftly among the blossoms, a tiny creature with feathers of iridescent splendour, a winged morsel



of gorgeousness unknown, alas, in England—I mean, the humming bird.

Whether the farm-house itself would excite remark it is difficult to say. For while a spacious verandah, furnished with chairs, table and hammock, is an almost universal feature of domestic architecture in Southern Ontario, many a luxurious householder in England has secured the same convenience.

The Ontario barn is quite unlike the British barn. No thatch, no red tiles, no tarred and “clinker-built” wooden walls—just a great, square, substantial timber structure, as roomy as a small cathedral, and with its roof guarded by several conspicuous lightning rods. The advantage lies, for picturesqueness, with the British barn; for utility, with the Canadian.

The Ontario farmer loves his barn. He never seems to mind how many thousand dollars he spends in putting up a new one larger than the last. In some districts a variety known as the “bank” barn reigns supreme. A basement wall some ten feet high, and probably built of stone, incloses a great area partitioned off as stalls for horses and winter quarters for cattle and swine. The roof of that stable is the floor of the vast granary towering overhead; and a broad bank of earth and stones, rising by an easy gradient, is built to the doors of the granary, as means of access for the loaded wagon.

There would be other small matters to make the stranger open his eyes. If anything of a farmer, he scarcely could fail to notice, among the cows out on pasture, a predominance of the black and white kind that one associates with Holland and the child’s Noah’s ark. And, even as his eyes roamed over the herd, we may picture him detecting another unfamiliar detail in the peaceful farmland scene. Now he came to think of it, he missed the hedges and ditches of old England. The field boundaries are mainly of two kinds: one, to which he would be accustomed, formed by wire strained on posts; the other, to which he would not be accustomed, formed of rough baulks of cedar piled in zig-zagging sections with ends interlaced—an effective barrier to cattle, and good to last, as I am told, for twenty years and more.

There would be at least one unfamiliar crop in sight. Many of my fellow countrymen have seen maize, or Indian corn, growing in such stunted form as the climate sanctions in England, where its value as green fodder is coming to be recognized. A different sight is a field of “corn” in Canada—dense verdant jungle ten feet and more in height, topped by a sea of quivering bronze tassels, and bearing, as lower out-growths from the stem, great pods bulging with their wealth of ripening grain.

And now I come to the only other external feature of rural Ontario calculated to arrest the eye of a stranger from Great Britain. The roads are rougher than those he is used to. In this matter my fellow countrymen are living up to a high standard set them by the Romans. Moreover, the inventor of macadam was a Scotsman; and excellent highways are a natural outcome of dense population and centuries of development. Talk to a Canadian who has visited England and you will find that he has been impressed mainly by three things—our old ruins, our smooth roads and the urbanity of the London policeman. Ontario puts plenty of hard material on its roads. What Ontario needs is more steam rollers. It is now getting them; and meanwhile nobody seems any the worse, I am bound to admit, for the little ups and downs one experiences when out driving in that country. The buggies, carriages and wagons are strongly



built on broad axles to ensure security; and as for the thousands of motor cars that go careering through the province, their speed is certainly everything that the most enthusiastic automobilist could desire.

Apart, then, from slight and unimportant differences, the country of which I am writing looks like Great Britain. Going from rural England to the free lands of the Northwest, the immigrant is involved for a year or two, it may be, in the healthy experiences of the pioneer. But to go from rural England to Southern Ontario is merely to step immediately from one settled and civilized country to another. Save for the adventure of a week on the ocean, it is much like migrating from Perthshire to Cornwall. And observe—settled and civilized Southern Ontario is as large as England. Nor will it be amiss to mention, at this point, that settled and civilized Ontario is divided like England into counties, many of which follow the English names. Thus there is a Kent, an Essex and a Middlesex, as well as an Oxford, a Norfolk, a Lincoln, a Durham, a Northumberland and a York; another part of Great Britain being represented by Perth, by Elgin, by Lanark and by Renfrew.

In naming their towns, it is true, the Ontarians have not always been bound by precedent. Thus, if London, Westminster and Hyde Park are all, with strict propriety, located in Middlesex, that county also harbours Glencoe and Strathroy; while Maidstone is in Essex, Brighton in Northumberland, and Norwich in Oxford. Stratford being situated in Perth, it is appropriate that the same county should contain the interesting little town of Shakespeare, with its Romeo area, its Hamlet area and its other local divisions named after characters in the plays. In further proof that our brethren across the water have allowed themselves a wide latitude in christening their urban centres, I may add that there is a Berlin, a Petersburg and a Baden in the county of Waterloo, besides a town called Paris and another called Scotland in the county of Brant.

Is it not an interesting fact—the existence of that other England across the water? But it is more than merely interesting. It is a fact of vital personal importance to four classes in Great Britain—I refer to our tenant farmers, to our farm foremen, managers or bailiffs, to our fruit growers and to our market gardeners.

And here let me say something as plainly as I know how. In England and Scotland there are well-meaning and conscientious public men who object to the dissemination of such information as these pages will be found to contain—information tending to show that industrious agriculturists who cannot secure a comfortable independence, with a good future for their children, in Great Britain, will be able to do so in Canada. Those public men take alarm at the thought of “the old land being drained of her best blood.” But it seems to me that the best blood is entitled to the best opportunities. Moreover, when one part of the British Empire contains too many people, and another part too few, are not the highest Imperial interests served by an adjustment of population? Indeed, every competent worker who emigrates from the old land to Canada has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done four good things: firstly, he has benefited himself; secondly, he has relieved the pressure of human competition in Great Britain; thirdly, he has strengthened Canada; lastly, he has helped to consolidate the Empire.

Observe that I am addressing myself, more particularly, to those who have capital enough to be working a rented farm, and to those who, lacking capital, have to supervise for a small salary the crops

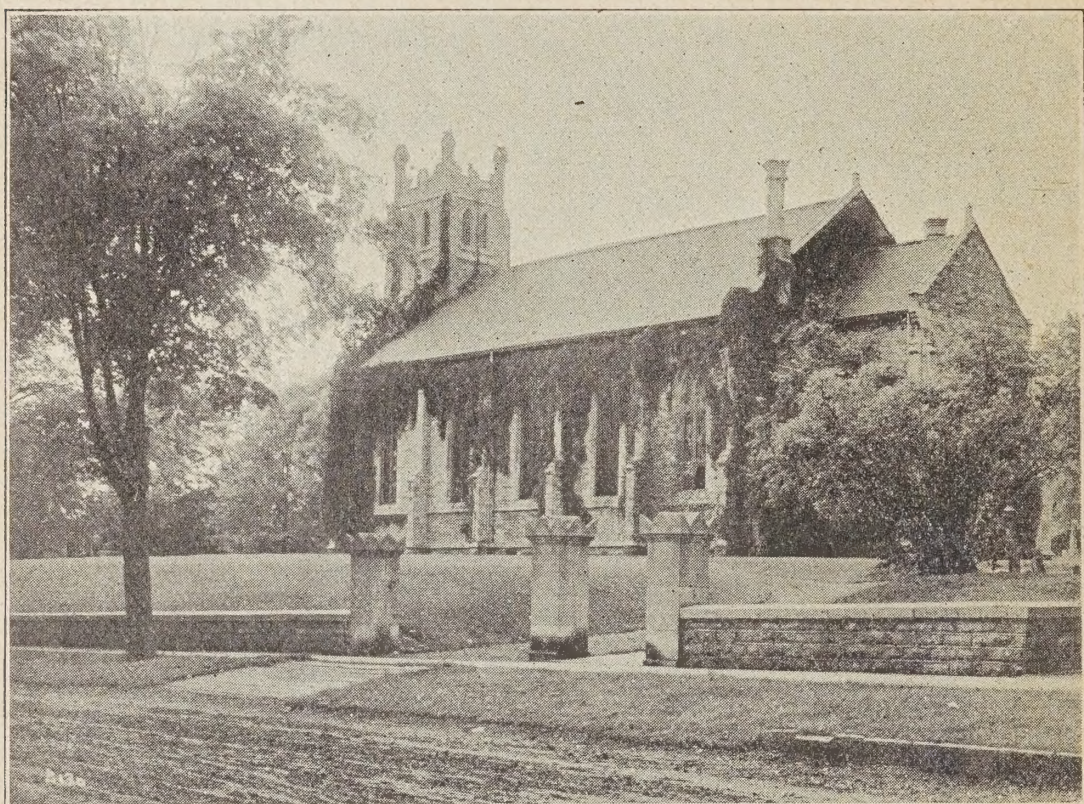


and stock of other people. Both classes would like to own the farms they tend; but, so long as they remain in Great Britain, that aspiration can scarcely be more than a dream.

They can turn their dream into a reality if they remove to the other England across the Atlantic. Nor is the statement based wholly, or even mainly, on the important fact that, because the youth of the Southeast have listened to the call of Greater Canada, farms in Southern Ontario may now be cheaply and easily acquired.

My investigations have brought to light another important fact, namely, that, substantial as are the returns secured by the average native-born farmer in Ontario, returns still more substantial are secured by the farmer who hails from England or Scotland. This, when you come to think about it, is easy to understand—it is because his methods are better.

The British farmer has to face open competition with the agricultural products of the world. Moreover, he has to contribute largely



The Province of Ontario can boast of many fine churches, the above being one in the town of Belleville.

towards the up-keep of his landlord, of the established church, of the roads aforesaid, of a huge navy and army, and of a vast poor law system. In order to have any margin of profit for the support of his family, after paying rent, tithes, taxes and rates, he must be ever striving towards the utmost measure of professional proficiency that the advance of agricultural knowledge renders possible. He cannot afford to be ignorant of the latest discoveries in soil fertilization, crop raising and stock management. He is compelled to be an up-to-date farming expert. As is constantly remarked by agricultural authorities in Canada and the United States: "Scotland, Ireland and England produce the best farmers anywhere to be found in the world."

It is no discredit to the average Ontario farmer that his standard of achievement is a lower one. Being his own landlord, and having to make only slight contributions towards public objects, he has not been goaded by necessity to tax his soil and his wits to the uttermost. We must remember that the Ontario farmer inherits traditions dating from the days of persistent grain growing on virgin soil; and



though he has, of course, gradually swung round to crop rotation, mixed and dairy farming, he has not greatly worried his head over such matters as the chemistry of the soil, food values and the principle of selection in breeding. It is enough for him that, by following much the same methods as his father followed before him, he can support his family in comfort and put by enough to enable him, in due season, to retire. Mind, I am speaking of the "average" farmer. In every county one finds brilliant exceptions to the rule—men who are farming on progressive lines: putting up silos, using fertilizers, fighting weeds, keeping milk records, improving their herds, and, in a word, entering into the closest competition with farmers from the old land.

It would be surprising were it otherwise. For agriculture receives in Ontario a constant stimulus, and much practical guidance, from the two Governments. Firstly, the Dominion Government has its experimental farms, where the relative values of different crops, and



A rural Ontario Public School. This Province is especially proud of her free schools open to all children of school age.

of varieties of grain, are demonstrated by repeated cultural experiments, and where cows, horses, pigs, poultry and bees are kept under model conditions, as permanent object lessons to visiting farmers. Secondly, the Provincial Government maintains its fine Agricultural College at Guelph, as well as its agricultural departments (where information is freely given to all inquirers) in leading county towns. Added to this, the province is well supplied with Farmers' Institutes, Agricultural Associations and other bodies that distribute bulletins giving useful data concerning insect pests, plant diseases and kindred subjects.

Nor will my readers fail, I think, to realize the advantage they themselves must derive, should they remove to Ontario, from the existence of all those channels of practical counsel; for the more a man knows about any art or calling the more ready is he to profit by the experience of other people, and it necessarily follows that a person from the British Isles, on commencing to farm in a country and climate new to him, will stand in need of many a little wrinkle.



No doubt the authorities, in establishing these educational opportunities, were partly influenced by a desire to serve the newcomer; but their main motive was to foster and promote the leading national industry. For agriculture is recognized as Canada's chief concern, her farmers being the most respected section of the population; the good farmers, in particular, finding their individual achievements a matter of public knowledge and local pride. And that Canadian agriculture justifies the fullest measure of State assistance, may be illustrated by the fact that—to name two products for which Ontario stands unrivalled among the provinces—Great Britain receives far more cheese and apples from the Dominion than from any other country in the world; the annual volume of those imports being measured, in the former case, by more than £4,000,000 and, in the latter case, by more than 4,000,000 bushels.

The mention of those figures—which, of course, represent only a portion of Ontario's fruit and dairy production—prompts me to clear up a doubt which, earlier in the chapter, I may unintentionally have suggested to the reader's mind. I pointed out that, the farmers' sons having for the most part decided against staying at home, a great many farms in the province are now awaiting purchasers. It must not, however, be inferred that they are meanwhile at a standstill: That would never do. A farm in Eastern Canada is too efficient a moneymaker for the owner to let it lie idle, especially as that would involve deterioration. So perhaps the old man, though under no further necessity to work for a living, lingers on at his post, impatient for some one to take over the property. There are two other alternatives. Pending the arrival of a buyer, a hired man may be put in to keep things going; or the farm may be rented, at, usually, three dollars (or about 12s.) the acre. As to the former possibility, if the old man secures a competent manager the old man will be lucky; for efficient agricultural labour is scarce in Ontario, and, when found, has to be paid liberally.

This brings me to a matter on which it is important there should be the clearest understanding. I have already implied, and I shall presently prove, that Ontario, besides being as nice a land to dwell in as our own, offers the farmer far superior opportunities for living in comfort, and saving money, than he is able to find in Great Britain. But Ontario, like the rest of Canada, grants her favours only to the industrious, and only to the farmers who are prepared themselves to do the actual work of farming—to harness the team, to put in a good day's ploughing, to load the wagon, and to take their share of the milking.

The majority of our farmers are, of course, of that practical kind. But we also produce another type of farmer—the supervising farmer, whose work mainly consists in seeing that the other people work. He is sometimes a fine old fellow, tending to be corpulent, who goes about in gaiters carrying a stick, and who is probably as good a judge of fat beasts as you will find at the weekly market he never misses. Then there is what is sometimes known as the “gentleman farmer,” who probably leaves nearly everything to his foreman.

Ontario is not primarily for them. It is not the best place for farmers who either will not or cannot do the hard slogging part of farming.

“But,” the typical John Bull and the gentleman farmer may argue, “suppose we induce our men to cross the sea with us, will they not work just as hard in Ontario as they do here?” Doubtless. And it will not be long before they discover that in Canada they are



entitled to higher wages than they received in the British Isles. Not that that will matter to their employer, because the productive value of their services will have increased in the same proportion. But very soon they will make another discovery, namely, that a chance to improve their position, if denied them in the old country, is provided in the new. The foreman will realize that he can blossom into a farmer on his own account, and that, beginning as a tenant, he can soon become an owner. Even for the farm labourers, if they be men of thrift, the same path to prosperity lies open.

The labour available in Ontario is largely immigrant, and the farmer who does not personally manage his business is likely to meet with failure through the sloth or incompetence of the agents he employs. It is essential that my readers should understand the labour difficulty. In all other aspects of farming, the conditions in Ontario are superior to the conditions in the British Isles. The price of cows and horses is considerably lower. Plenty of sunshine is assured in the growing season. The rainfall is less likely to be either excessive or inadequate. Even the Ontario winter, despite its longer duration, is by many persons preferred to the British winter: sunny days and dry air being a compensation for the lower temperature. But the single disadvantage must be reckoned with: while skilled farm labour is plentiful, and therefore cheap, on one side of the Atlantic, it is scarce, and therefore dear, on the other side.

And now, having concluded my broad survey of conditions affecting the Southeast generally, and one section of it in particular, I will explain what I saw and learnt on my tours in Southern Ontario, dealing in separate chapters with the several phases of farming which receive special attention in different quarters of the province.

## CHAPTER II.

### PEACH ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS.

It has been my endeavour to point out the general similarity, both in conditions of life and the look of the landscape, between Southern Ontario and Great Britain. But to that rule, it so happens, we shall begin by considering an exception.

In its aspect and character the north belt of the Niagara Peninsula is perhaps unique. Certainly I have not seen its counterpart during such casual explorations as it has been my privilege to make, not only on the continent of North America, but also in Europe, Asia and Africa.

A locality is apt to breathe the spirit of any special industry for which it may be famous. The people of the north belt of the Niagara Peninsula earn their living—their substantial living—by growing peaches and grapes, supplemented by other fruits; and life all along that countryside seems penetrated by a bright beauty and a perfumed sweetness.

But before going into that, I should like you to look at the accompanying map to locate the Niagara Peninsula—that tongue of land which occurs between the western end of Lake Ontario and the eastern end of Lake Erie. And note that the north belt,—which has Niagara-on-the-Lake at one extremity and the city of Hamilton at the other,—is a strip of land about forty miles long and from one to five miles wide. Its varying width is fixed by a strange geographical feature. You come to a cliff, rising abruptly several hundred feet, and clothed with a beautiful jungle of trees and vigorous undergrowth. It is known locally as “The Mountain”—a name that sets visitors scratching their heads.



To begin with, it is not easy to conceive of a mountain that is forty miles and more in length. Moreover, one usually thinks of a mountain as an all-round elevation. But if you go up one side of this particular mountain, you cannot go down on the other side. For there is no other side. It is all top. In other words, after leaving the shore of Lake Ontario, and traversing a few miles of orchards, you ascend an escarpment to a higher elevation, and you continue at that higher elevation right across the Peninsula. Nay, when you come to another shore, and face another inland sea, you find much the same level continued by the vast silvery expanse that kisses the sky at an unbroken horizon.

This may suggest the interesting question: how does the water of Lake Erie get into Lake Ontario? I will tell you. It escapes along a broad channel and tumbles down the Mountain; and it does so in a manner so beautiful and awful that the whole world has heard of that smoking cataract of waters cannonading on the Palæozoic rocks. But my purpose is to tell you, not about the Niagara Falls, but about the Niagara fruit.

Never shall I forget my first walk at Grimsby—a district in the Belt. I was on an excellent cement sidewalk extending beside a well-made road (we are dealing, remember, with an exceptional district) that spared space, on the other side, for an electric tramway. I was passing beneath a canopy of trees; and you may say there was nothing unusual about that. Yet there was. For never before had I known a public thoroughfare planted with such trees as those. Besides sorts merely green, including magnificent cedars and weeping willows, there was the rowan, on fire with berries; the butternut tree; the catalpa, festooned with its snake-like beans; the mulberry, pleasing the eye with its juicy riches; and the blackheart cherry. The most pre-occupied visitor could not have failed to notice those cherry trees, for the pavement beneath them was patchily empurpled by the juice of fallen fruit, whereof the skins, stones and stalks lay visible.

Had it been possible to consider that road apart from its surroundings, it would have been inspiring to find the King's highway making so good an attempt to look like Kew Gardens. But the scene—which embraced orchard after orchard, garden after garden, mansion after mansion—was all one delightful whole. The reason for this lay in a feature of Canadian life that is ever a novelty to newcomers from the old land.

Our real estate properties—from the park of the squire to the cottage of the village cobbler—are compassed about with walls, fences, hedges and palings. Every individual dwells within a barricade, being concerned to hold the public at arm's length and resist encroachment from trespassing neighbours. Nay, the very law impels him to those precautions, since to leave land unfenced in Great Britain is to imperil its ownership rights.

Society in Canada rests upon more trustful, not to say more communistic, principles. In a residential thoroughfare it is usual to find the gardens of the different houses unfenced from the roadway and unfenced from one another. Perhaps a group of palms in tubs, or a cluster of hydrangeas, may hint at the boundary between one property and the next, but it is an almost invariable rule that the expanse of well-kept lawn, with here and there its bed of brilliant blossoms, shall extend as one uninterrupted garden in front of all the houses. And in tree-planted roads where the pavement has margins of grass, there is nothing to show where public property ends and private property begins. "Then what," I can hear the reader protest, "is to prevent trespassing and the stealing of flowers?"



Nothing—at least, nothing physical. But a moral obligation, and the prevailing good taste, seem to prove more effective than barricades of brick and iron. Nay, even the dogs—as I was astonished to see—trot demurely along the sidewalk, apparently quite untempted by the floral display.

And so now you will understand why, to any one passing through Grimsby (as, indeed, through other districts in the Belt), the scene presented to view has a unity and a continuity very pleasing to the eye. I have called the houses mansions for want of a better word. You know the style of such residences as, on the confines of our cities, are occupied by merchants and well-to-do professional men—the sort of establishments that keep a cook, two housemaids and a gardener. The homes of the Grimsby fruit-growers are, for the most part, of the same general appearance. They bear the unmistakable stamp of prosperity. Into each distinct design there enters the quality of simplicity and good taste, a wise and unstinted expenditure being suggested by substantial buttresses, verandahs of solid masonry, and the newly-painted gable ends of turreted roofs. The same financial note is sounded by dainty summer houses, by tennis nets and croquet hoops upon the velvet lawn, by the fountain playing amid a parterre of glowing annuals, and by rustic screens draped with honeysuckle and roses. Where the house is built on a knoll, the garden is shaped into terraces. Where a rivulet has hollowed its channel, stones have been piled to form a rockery for sub-tropical plants. So, you see, there is a close analogy to the residences of our thriving city folk—who work not in the districts where they dwell. But each attractive home in that Belt is attached to the source of revenue for its maintenance. Having passed a house and a garden, you skirt an orchard; then there is another house and garden and another orchard; and that, in brief, is a description of Canada's land of the peach and the grape vine—that idyllic region which is bordered on one side by the great green Mountain, and on the other side by the great blue Lake.

The world provides, I think, no more acceptable sight than is afforded by those Ontario orchards. Picture the perspective of peach trees aligned in the sandy loam, with patches of sunshine lying among the shadows cast by far-spreading branches. Amid the dense, crinkled foliage, the velvet balls are visible, hanging in profusion—some of softest green, others with their outer cheeks aflush with crimson.

In that gracious climate all vegetation develops at a pace that astonishes an old countryman. The peach, planted in the spring as a little whip of a thing costing sevenpence halfpenny, becomes in four years a large tree carrying a remunerative crop; and its profitable life, in expert hands, may extend to thirty years. Where thorough cultivation has been given, I have seen a three-year-old orchard carrying an estimated average of four shillings worth of peaches to the tree.

The kinds grown in our glass-houses and on our southern walls are unknown in the Peninsula. At least, I certainly did find one young Scotchman who, at the instigation of a visitor from the old land, planted a few British peach trees in the open two years ago; nor will there be, I think, any indiscretion in adding that the visitor was Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and that those specially exported specimens of “Waterloo,” “Duchess of Cornwall” and “Earliest of All” have already developed (and in one case fruited) in very promising fashion on Ontario soil. Of sorts favoured in the Belt, the majority originated in the United States. They ripen at different times—a matter of importance to the grower, since, by planting several varie-



ties, he ensures that the work of picking and grading shall be conveniently spread over several weeks.

Thus Alexander, an Illinois clingstone with greenish-white flesh, usually arrives at maturity early in August; Greensboro, a North Carolina freestone with cream-coloured flesh, reaches full development towards the end of that month; Early Crawford, the New Jersey yellow-fleshed freestone that enjoys unrivalled popularity, is usually welcomed on the market (for both dessert and canning) early in September; Elberta, also a prime favourite, and of similar character, but hailing from Georgia, is available later in the month; and Smock, another New Jersey yellow-fleshed freestone, assists in meeting public requirements at the beginning of October.

So much for the crop which, after the fourth year, brings to experienced and industrious growers a handsome profit. And since there are different qualities of soil in the Niagara Peninsula, it is appropriate that, speaking generally, the peach prefers the golden land—which land, in consequence, commands the highest price. The earth of the vineyards tends to be grey and more of a clay.



An apple orchard in bloom.

Perhaps you do not know what a vineyard looks like; for vineyards, as well as peach orchards, are prohibited by the climate of Great Britain, because that climate lacks the warmth and sunshine with which Ontario is blessed. Trained on wires stretched along lines of posts, the vines form walls of dense foliage burdened with innumerable bunches of grapes—one sort purple and conspicuous, the other sort green and not easy to see, and both sorts yielding some three tons of fruit, and about £11 net profit, to the acre.

You will not find our Black Hamboro or Royal Muscadine in Ontario vineyards. Four ruling favourites are Rogers (red and black), Delaware (red), Niagara (white) and Concord (black).

For the hundreds of young men from this county who go out to the Belt, the vineyard proves less attractive than the orchard. However, it often happens that, where one section of a property is unsuitable for peaches, grapes are grown as a side line; and so, that my readers may form some idea of the work and opportunities involved in this branch of fruit farming, I may mention that the approximate cost of planting a vineyard (with two-year-old vines set ten feet apart each way) is £2 10s. to £4 per acre (including cost of



vines); that the trellis of posts and wire need not be erected till the second year; that the first full crop is borne in the fourth season; that the profitable life of a grape vine continues almost indefinitely; that culture consists in pruning, in supplying the soil with potash, and in sowing and ploughing an occasional nitrogeneous cover crop; and that the produce finds a market for dessert, and for the making of wine and grape-juice.

And now to continue my enumeration of the pretty sights one sees in the Belt. The immature peach orchard, if its owner be skilful and industrious, is planted between the rows of trees with berries, currants, tomatoes and vegetables, which all grow to perfection in that soil and climate, and bring a substantial revenue.

The strawberry plantations provide an English fruit-grower with several little surprises. To begin with, I could nowhere find Royal Sovereigns, or Paxtons, or other of our varieties, in those Ontario orchards. The sorts grown there are of American origin, with names wholly new to me—such as Williams, Michel, Senator Dunlap and Buster. Again, strawberries in the Peninsula are grown in matted



Peach and pear trees in bloom.

rows, about two feet wide, separated by cultivated avenues; and after one year's crop has been gathered—or, at most, two years' crops—the plantation is ploughed in. Straw plays a part in the culture of this berry, but not the same part that it plays in England. The Ontario farmer spreads straw on his rows in the winter, to minimize the influence of alternating thaws and frosts at the opening of spring; and, with the commencement of growth, the covering is removed. Certainly that simple method of growing strawberries is justified by results. I spoke with several men who certified that, after allowing for the cost of planting, fertilizing, spraying, picking and packing, they had netted £50 and more per acre from strawberries.

### CHAPTER III.

#### VALUES IN THE NIAGARA BELT.

An English fruit-grower, travelling through Ontario, soon ceases to exclaim over the wild raspberries that grow so profusely on woodland borders and in wayside places. But never, I think, can he fail to be surprised by the over-recurring avenues of cultivated raspberries



in the orchards. And on all sides he finds farmers rejoicing over the profits they derive from those vigorous canes drooping with their weight of ruddy fruit.

Raspberry picking, since it involves but little stooping, is more popular than strawberry picking; and in this work the farmer often enjoys the assistance of his smiling wife and of the children in their pretty frocks. Also he has less trouble than usual in retaining an efficient corps of professional pickers, such as Iroquois Indians from Caledonia—a happy-looking, English-speaking, brown-skinned people who, in the clothes of the civilization they have long since embraced, look very much like respectable gypsies.

Vivid in my mind is the picture of raspberry picking at a thirty-acre farm near Beamsville, in the Belt—a farm owned by a bronzed young Englishman on whom Providence has bestowed a charming wife, a cluster of healthy little ones and a state of mind that I can only describe as one of enthusiastic contentment. Dotted along the raspberry avenues, that family were all with nimble fingers filling the little chip boxes, their industry not hindering the flow of merry conversation; while, farther afield, a group of squaws in cotton dresses and braves in homespun stood grinning and picking, picking and grinning. The doors of the barn were open wide, and on a bench within was a cluster of the filled boxes, while others were stacked in crates on the floor.

I had been told that raspberries were fetching nine cents a quart (a cent being equal to a halfpenny), but, at that time, I had no clear understanding of the financial side of raspberry growing.

“When you have paid your labour bill,” I remarked to the complacent young Englishman, “and when you have deducted the cost of the boxes and crates, there can’t be much profit, one would suppose, out of nine cents?”

“Nine!” he laughingly replied. “But we are only getting eight and a half cents now, and it may be down to seven and a half before we are through. For the season, I don’t look for more than an average of eight. Out of that we have to pay two cents a quart to the pickers, and the price of the boxes and crates works out at three-quarters of a cent per quart.”

“Which leaves you only a shade over five cents, or two-pence halfpenny,” I pointed out. “Does that pay?”

“Not as well as peaches, of course,” he admitted. “But it is a pretty fair return to be getting while you are waiting for the peach trees to come into bearing. At 2½d., a crate of 24 boxes would work out at 5s.”

“And how many crates,” I asked, “would you take from an acre of raspberries?”

“Last year,” he replied, “I had 250 crates to the acre, but I think that would be above the average. You see, no man feels quite the same towards all his crops—he favours some and neglects others. I happen to be as interested in raspberries as I am in peaches, so my raspberry crop probably comes out above the average, which perhaps you might put at 200 crates to the acre. You’ll understand what I mean,” he gaily added, “if you look at my blackberries. I absolutely hate blackberries—and you see the result: I suppose there isn’t a more weedy lot of rows in the district.”

But meanwhile I had been doing some mental arithmetic. Five shillings multiplied by 250 gives £62 10s.—multiplied by 200, £50. I asked him if all his thirty acres were under cultivation, and when he said that they were I began to realize why fruit farmers of the Belt



wore such happy expressions and how it came about that some of them keep motor cars.

Having a little knowledge of the returns secured from orchards in the old land, I was still thinking about those raspberry statistics when, a few hours later, I happened to enter the hall at Grimsby where fruit farmers of the district periodically assemble in the evening for business meetings and friendly chats. There was a goodly muster; and, going up to a man I already knew as the owner of a well kept orchard, I asked:—

“How many crates do you get from an acre of raspberries?”

“About 300,” he replied; whereupon, thinking I had authority for doing so, I scoffed at his testimony. The result was that he instituted an interesting means of settling the issue.

“I’ll call a few growers over here, one by one,” he said, “and, without saying why we want to know, I’ll ask them how many crates of raspberries they get off an acre.”

The first man replied unhesitatingly: “Three hundred.”

The second man thought awhile, and then said: “Dunno that I could tell you just off-hand, but it’d be between two-fifty and three hundred.”

The third man also hesitated in some uncertainty; then testified: “Anything from two to three hundred crates.”

“I guess,” said the fourth man, “that I’m satisfied when I get three hundred, but there’s years when I’m under that figure by quite a bit.”

My antagonist claimed, not without justice, that the balance of evidence went in his favour; but he had not yet done with the matter.

“Mind you,” he explained, “I’ve purposely only called up men that I know to be good fruit farmers—I mean, men who tackle the business thoroughly, and when they put things in the ground, whether its raspberries or anything else, don’t stand around whistling, but take care that the pruning is attended to, and that the land gets all the cultivation it wants, and that the right sort of fertilizer is given in the proper quantities. There are plenty of people who prefer to spend their time in other ways, or maybe they have too much land and not enough help, so that things don’t get looked after as well as they might be. If you grow weeds and raspberries in the same rows, and don’t give the land more than perhaps one turnover in the fall, you won’t get three hundred crates, or anything like it. Now, there is a man over there that we’ll get to come across next. I’ll ask him how many raspberries he takes off an acre, and I shall be surprised if he says more than a hundred and fifty crates.”

But in this anticipation my companion proved a little at fault. Said the good-tempered young Englishman in question (who obviously belonged to the engaging section of humanity that takes life easily): “Oh, about two hundred crates.”

Nor was the matter permitted to rest even there.

“You see that man in flannels,” exclaimed my companion, indicating an alert and prosperous-looking individual who had just entered the building. “Now, it will be quite interesting to hear what he says. It was raspberries that first brought him to this district five years ago. He was struck, the same as you might be, with the number of crates to be got off an acre. So, though he hadn’t been in fruit-growing before, he bought a few acres and planted the land to raspberries. I suppose the crops came up to his expectation, for he afterwards bought more land, and more after that—in fact he has been going ahead ever since, and has now branched off into the canning business.”



The evidence of the pushful enthusiast was certainly interesting.

"Once I got four hundred crates off an acre," he explained, "but of course that was quite exceptional. The conditions were all favourable, the crop was enormous and—just to see what an acre would do—I put on an extra lot of pickers and told them not to leave a single berry in the rows. In a general way, of course, you don't get more than about three hundred crates."

And now for a few words respecting a crop incidentally mentioned by the Beamsville farmer. An Englishman is apt to smile at the idea of planting, cultivating, pruning, and fertilizing blackberries—a fruit we are content to tear our clothes and hands in securing, with the aid of a hooked stick, from the hedge row; a frolicsome party of six persons being able, on occasion, to gather as much as twelve quarts in an afternoon. Or we may buy in shops, at 4d. or 5d. a pound, blackberries that have been gathered by goodness knows whom.

This fine fruit receives, and repays, more honourable treatment across the Atlantic. I have never tasted better and bigger blackberries (or "lawton berries," as they are usually styled on the menu) than those provided in Canadian hotels. Taken with cream, as the first dish at breakfast, they give great pleasure to the palate. In the Ontario orchards I saw and sampled several varieties—the Agawam, the Eldorado and the Kittatinny among others—each having distinct qualities to recommend it. Where the blackberry receives a fair share of the farmer's attention, it proves almost as profitable, I learnt, as the raspberry.

Here and there in the Belt you find a man who has devoted study and space to currants, which in capable hands yield a very satisfactory revenue. Among the reds, our Victoria shares public favour with Cherry (from Italy) and Fay (from New York). So far as the transparent sort is concerned, White Grape holds the field. In blacks, our Naples and Lee are widely grown, but I travelled far before gaining tidings of Boskoop Giant. At last I heard of a recently arrived Englishman who was growing that variety and growing it successfully. One thing, however, I inquired for industriously, and never found. There seems to be no "big-bud" in Ontario. Nay, I did not happen upon one fruit farmer who knew anything of the pest that is playing such havoc with black currant plantations in England.

British troubles, however, are sometimes duplicated across the Atlantic. For example, gooseberry mildew is only too well known, more particularly in connection with the cultivation of English varieties. Immunity has been secured—though at a sacrifice of size—by crossing those varieties with the small, sturdy, native gooseberries. The main market, as with us, is for green berries. Which reminds me, the Ontario fruit farmer, unlike the English fruit farmer, is not constantly at war with feathered foes. He knows not what it is to have buds picked off by impudent tits. Battalions of shrieking starlings do not swoop down on his cherries and purloin the ripest fruit. He is under no necessity to hire boys, erect scarecrows and shoot guns, to keep winged thieves away from his strawberries. There is practically only one item in the orchard—the French cherry known as Early Purple—that is liable to serious molestation by birds.

Talking of cherries—here again is a fruit that grows to perfection in Ontario, and commands a good market. At one time "rot" proved so destructive to certain kinds that fruit farmers hesitated to enlarge their cherry plantations. But with the discovery that other kinds are apparently immune from this disease, and that, in any case, it can be controlled by lime and sulphur, this branch of fruit culture has received a considerable impetus. Where cherries are grown over a



wide area, there is, of course, the irksome obligation to organize a special squad of pickers; but every one setting out a new orchard is counselled to put in a few cherry trees, preferably around the house, since they develop into a remunerative little side line.

Varieties enjoying considerable popularity in the Belt are various Morellos and Dukes and—among sweet kinds—Napoleon, Yellow Spanish, Windsor (of Canadian origin), Governor Wood (a Yankee), Black Tartarian and Kentish Pie.

Mr. Linus Woolverton, an authority on the subject in Ontario, told me he had known, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, £200 to be realized by the cherries grown in one season on a single acre; and he added that, in the case of trees twelve and fifteen years old, £120 and £140 per acre was by no means an unusual gross return.

The reader will please not fail to note the age of the trees that were giving those handsome receipts. In this connection it is worth mentioning that Ontario nurserymen graft cherries on the mahaleb, in which association several kinds bear freely in the third and fourth year.

Certainly the longer a visitor stays in the Belt, the more clearly does he realize—from the accumulating testimony of what he sees and what he hears—that a large measure of prosperity is enjoyed by its healthy and hearty community of fruit-growers. But to capture from an orchardist just such simple set of facts as, without violating the law of averages, would reflect and illustrate that prosperity, proved a difficult task. If I questioned one grower as to the returns he received from peaches, I must have questioned thirty; and it will not be amiss to quote a few typical replies, translating dollars into their approximate equivalent in British currency.

“Most of my trees,” said one man, “are only three years old, but from two and a half acres of fully bearing peaches I last year received 1,700 eleven-quart baskets, which brought me £172.”

“Off one acre this year,” said another, “I have cleared £100. Yes—I mean what I say; there was a balance of £100 after deducting the cost of picking and packages. But, of course, that was quite exceptional, and some of my other acres have not given more than half that return.”

“The average from my bearing trees,” another grower explained, “would be about £70 to the acre, and I suppose my expenses, including the cost of fertilizing, spraying, picking and packing, would be £17.”

“Does it pay to grow peaches?” echoed an energetic fruit-grower who hailed from the United States. “You bet it does. See here—you’ve got two hundred trees to the acre. Take the average at four baskets to the tree—that’s eight hundred baskets. You sell ‘em at 2s. a basket, which works out at £80. Knock off £10 for picking and baskets, and there’s £70 left. That’s clear enough, isn’t it? And, mind you, those figures are not guess-work; they stand for what I’m actually doing, and what anybody else may do just as easily, if he’s got half an ounce of sense.”

I certainly agreed that, as far as it went, the statement was admirably clear; and it seemed to me that here was a little group of facts which would serve typically to illustrate the financial aspect of peach growing. In this opinion, however, I was grievously mistaken, as became apparent when, a few days later, I submitted those figures to just such a jury of experts as had dealt with the raspberry problem.

At the mention of two hundred peach trees to the acre there was a chorus of laughter.



"Why, that's how people grow them across the Border," I was told. "Years ago they were planted just as close on this side, but we've learnt better since then. Twenty feet by eighteen, or even twenty by twenty, is quite near enough. Two hundred trees to the acre! No, Sir, one hundred and ten is more like it."

Though somewhat abashed at the reception my first average had met with, I nevertheless submitted my second—four baskets to the tree.

Again the assembled peach growers were amused. The figure was denounced as a ludicrous under-estimate of the yield from an acre of mature trees. Nay, the two hundred and the four were at once accepted in the relation of cause and effect.

"You see," some one said, "what comes of planting the trees only fifteen feet apart each way!"

It was with grave misgiving that I submitted my remaining figures—2s. as the average price, and £10 as the deduction for baskets and for gathering. But to those figures no serious exception was taken.



What the Ontario vineyard looks like.

Not yet, it will be noted, was I in a position to present my fellow countrymen with a definite and comprehensive statement concerning the revenue to be derived from this phase of fruit-farming. Light, however, came at last.

Mr. F. was mentioned to me as a young Scotsman who, having an excellent peach farm of ten acres, was running it to full advantage. So I called upon Mr. F., and he gave me a comprehensive view of a peach grower's expenditure and revenue.

"One of my acres," he explained, "is taken up with my house, garden and outhouses. Another acre is occupied with peach trees which, being less than four years old, yield no return worth mentioning. The remaining eight acres carry bearing peach trees that are from four to seventeen years old. On the one acre of immature peach trees I grow potatoes, tomatoes, strawberries, bush fruits and vegetables for our own domestic use, much of the produce being given away, but none marketed. On the eight acres of bearing trees, there are now no auxiliary crops. So my entire revenue is derived from



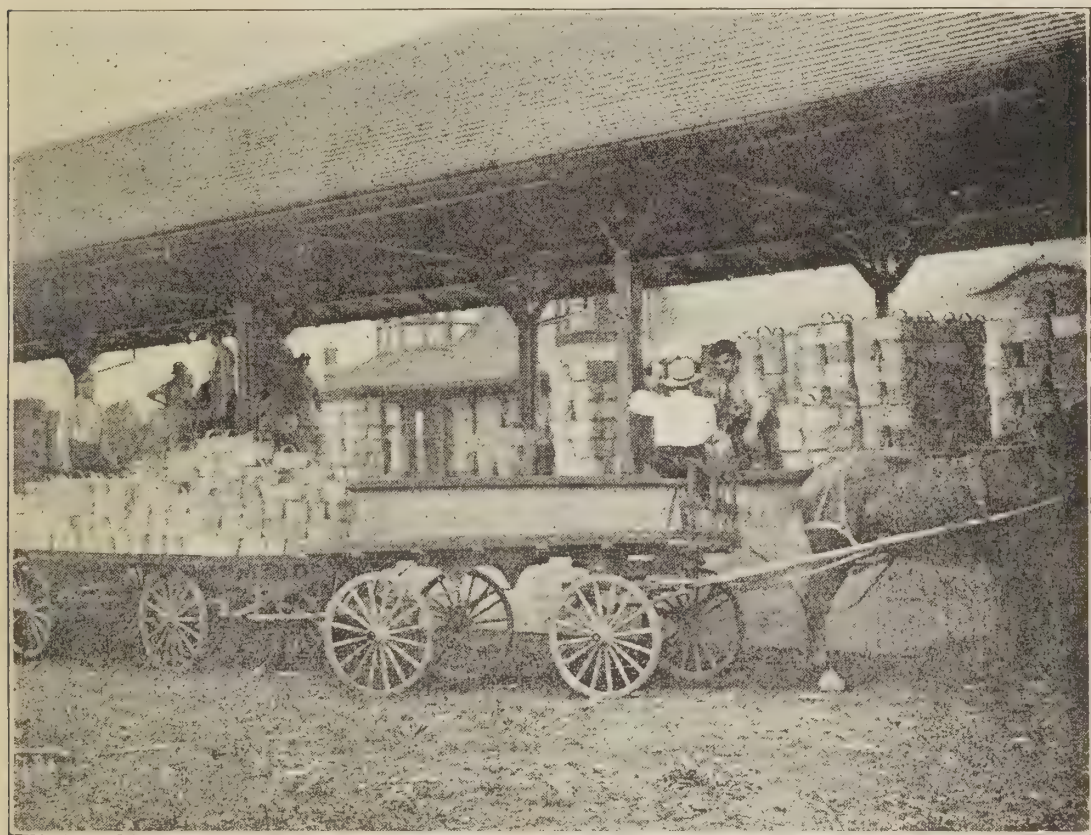
peaches. It is open to question whether a man is wise to have all his eggs in one basket; but that is my position. And, talking about eggs, perhaps I ought to mention that, though you see quite a number of fowls scratching around, their produce is all consumed on the premises."

"You grew market crops," I asked, "on portions of the eight acres while you were waiting for the more recent trees to mature."

"Oh, yes," Mr. F. replied, "I grew raspberries, strawberries, potatoes, etc., but in quantities that diminished year by year as the trees made more and more demand on the soil. As recently as 1909 I still had a residue of those temporary plantations, and in that year they yielded me £120 gross. Then I judged the time had come for leaving my peach trees in undisputed possession."

"And how many baskets," I asked, "do you gather in a season?"

"Last year," he replied, in allusion to 1910, "the eight acres, which carry exactly eight hundred bearing trees, yielded 7,200 baskets, which sold for £650, being at the average rate of about 1½d. a pound. The trees vary considerably in age, and consequently in productive-



Fruit in baskets en route to the markets.

ness. About fifty per cent are from six to nine years old, forty per cent run to twelve and fourteen years and ten per cent to seventeen years."

"What is the average rate of increase in the yield of a peach tree?"

"In the fourth year," replied Mr. F., "you can count upon about two baskets, in the fifth year three baskets, in the sixth year five baskets, and in the seventh year seven baskets. From that point there is a steady rise until, in the twelfth year and afterwards, you get an average of fourteen baskets. I have taken as many as twenty-one baskets from a single tree."

I next inquired what it had cost Mr. F.—in current, as distinguished from capital, expenditure—to secure the 7,200 baskets of peaches and maintain his beautiful garden.

"The largest item," he explained, "is for my hired man, who is with me permanently, and who does the bulk of the heavy work. I pay him £90 a year, he providing his own board and lodging, except



that we supply him with vegetables, fruit and eggs. I have to keep a horse for cultivating the ground, and the cost of its feed, etc., is £10 a year. For additional labour, mainly in picking, my expenditure last year was £25. There was a total outlay of £70 for marketing the crop. Fertilizers, spray fluids, repairs and incidentals came out at £60."

"Then your net income was £390?"

"Yes,—I usually reckon it at £400."

The question of capital expenditure remained to be considered.

"Assuming," I said, "that a man buys ten acres of peach land, with a house and outbuildings upon it, what initial outlay would he have to face?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds would cover the cost of horse, harness, plough, harrow and cultivator; and for another £50 he would be able to plant his land."

"And what shall we allow for living expenses during the year or two years that are unremunerative?"

"It all depends upon the man," said Mr. F. "Out here, of course, it is the usual thing for a bachelor to do his own housework. Take our hired hands, for instance. They usually manage to bank about half their wages; and most of them in a few years are able to start in another district on their own account."

To this summary of peach farming in its financial aspect, I am able to add a finishing touch. For I chanced to become acquainted with the man from whom Mr. F. purchased his ten acres, with its handsome brick house and fine garden.

"I bought that property as a speculation nine years ago for £800," he said. "I sold it to Mr. F. five years ago for £2,400. That was a big profit for me, of course, but I reckon his investment is paying him fifteen per cent. At any rate, I happen to know he won't sell the place for £3,000."

At this point, I hope, the reader will be conscious of what seems to be a glaring inconsistency in my narrative. The first chapter bore witness that agricultural land in Ontario, owing to special circumstances, is very cheap. Yet here am I referring to a transaction in which land was sold at about £200 an acre.

The solution of the enigma lies in the fact that, as has been already mentioned, the Belt (that mere tiny strip of Old Ontario—approximately 80 square miles out of 48,000 square miles) is an exceptional region.

In the favourite Grimsby neighbourhood, it is by no means unusual for good peach land (sandy loam on a gravelly subsoil) to exchange hands at the figure named; £200 an acre being, as we have seen, a sound commercial value, as measured by results. To understand how this value has been created we must glance at the rise and development of the peach industry in the Belt.

Dennis Woolverton's family (whose ancestors had emigrated from England to America in 1690) did not remove to Canada with the United Empire Loyalists in 1783. Not till some fifteen years later did they cross the boundary and start farming on the north shore of the Niagara Peninsula. Nor, apparently, did this family sever their old ties with the new Republic; for Dennis, when well advanced in years, was in the habit (as his grandson informed me) of going back occasionally to the scenes of his boyhood in New Jersey. From one of those expeditions, it seems, he returned with specimens of a form of vegetation remote from the experiences of Canadian pioneers—to wit, some peach trees. The attempt of a Londoner to grow bananas in his back garden would not, I imagine, excite more hilarity than was probably provoked, some half century ago, by the attempt to



grow peaches on an Ontario farm. But Dennis was not the man to be daunted by doubters; and behold! the trees bore a bountiful crop. This encouraged the old man, and it was not many years before a considerable part of his acreage, in place of fodder for pigs, was growing fruit fit for princes.

Other people took the hint. As time went on, more and more peach trees were planted. Some of Dennis Woolverton's neighbours also planted pears and plums, cherries and berries, quinces and currants; and they had good cause to be glad they had done so. Gradually it was demonstrated that, in the north belt of the Niagara Peninsula, Canada possessed an ideal place for the growing of fruit. Transit facilities were developed. The price of land rose—and is still rising.

The city of Hamilton at one end of the Belt, and the town of St. Catharines at the other, are important marketing centres. Within two hours' journey is Toronto, a great consumer; within ten hours' journey is Montreal, a greater consumer. Western Canada, enjoying very limited opportunities for raising fruit, makes an ever-increasing demand for the produce of Ontario's orchards. With means of carriage, the Belt is amply provided. It is traversed by the Grand Trunk Railway, and all along that length of line in summer months the platforms, sidings and freight-sheds look like outlying portions of Covent Garden market. Then there is the electric railway, previously mentioned, running from Hamilton to Beamsville upon the Belt's chief highway,—the hourly service of passenger cars being supplemented, from June to October, by a persistent flow of freight traffic. This consists of fruit-laden trucks destined to join trains that take them far to the east and farther to the west. Some are refrigerator cars which, thanks to Government initiative and subsidies, are provided by the railroad companies to ensure that tender fruits shall be conveyed long distances in unimpaired condition.

Many an orchard fronting on the line has its own neat little goods platform, on which at any time the fruit farmer may deposit packages for the next-arriving car to collect—a convenience which, of course, has its influence on local land values. A constant stream of motor cars, proceeding on pleasure jaunts to and from Niagara Falls, shares the high road with wagons and trolleys piled high with gorgeous pumpkins, barrels of apples, crates of tomatoes, and baskets of grapes and peaches. Indeed, this procession of bright and sweet-smelling merchandise makes so tantalizing an appeal to one's senses, that, after a while, it is quite a relief to see a ton of coals, or a load of furniture, go by.

It must not be supposed that the Belt is characterized throughout by the loam soil and thorough natural drainage which are considered necessary for successful peach cultivation. Suitable land occurs in patches; and intervening areas—some of clay and adapted for grapes—can be acquired, even in the Grimsby district, at £30 and less per acre. Moreover, in that district peach land lying away from the railways does not command the high figure previously mentioned; while in other districts such land is obtainable—partly because of an inferiority in local means of transport—at £50 an acre. That price, for instance, rules at the eastern end of the Peninsula—the beautiful Niagara-on-the-Lake district, where many wealthy Americans have their stately homes, and where the conditions are more favourable for peach growing (as I was informed by Mr. E. D. Smith, a former president of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association) than anywhere else in the Belt.

And now, reverting from details to generalities, it will be interesting to inquire why fruit-growing is a more reliable and prosperous



industry in that strip of Old Ontario than it is, say, in our county of Kent. A climate that ensures quicker growth and fuller development is not a complete explanation. A combination of favourable conditions for production with wide opportunities for consumption, fails to account fully for the sustained success of those Ontario orchards. The fact that elaborate channels of distribution link producer with consumer, still leaves the riddle unanswered. For, as English growers know to their cost, the quickest trains and the densest population afford no guarantee that ripe fruit will not arrive in a congested market, where, being perishable, it must be sold to no profit and perhaps at a loss.

There is only one way of preventing ripe fruit being sacrificed to the temporary caprice of supply and demand. From a perishing article, it must be changed into an enduring article. In other words, it must be dried, preserved with sugar, or packed, sterilized, in an air-tight vessel.

Jam-making does not meet the difficulty. But canning does. Canada's canneries—those huge establishments dotted along the Belt, and in many other districts of Southern Ontario—serve to sustain the demand, and steady the market, for orchard produce. They have an insatiable appetite for sound fruit of various grades and all available species, grapes alone excepted (and in the wine and juice factories the grape grower also has an alternative to the dessert market). Thus in Ontario a crop of late strawberries or undersized apples does not have to be sold—as sometimes happens in England—at a price that barely pays for picking and carriage.

At various dates, I visited several of those large, clean factories, where colonies of cheerful women and girls were assisting complex machinery to skin tomatoes, shell peas, stone peaches, stalk raspberries and deal scrupulously with a dozen more fruits and vegetables; other amazing mechanism cooking, covering and cooling the filled tins, which, all ready for their pretty labels, pour forth in a glistening cataract totalling many thousands a day.

Observe, then, that the farmers of the Belt grow fruit, not for Canada alone, but for the world at large. Often with great zest had I eaten Bartlett pears in Great Britain; and so it was like meeting an old friend when, on my first visit to Grimsby, some well-laden pear trees were introduced to me by that name. And as I gazed at those pear trees, my thoughts took a new turn. In form, foliage and fruit, they certainly did look very familiar—a circumstance which, on noting my perplexity, the orchardist was quick to explain. "In your country," he said, "they call it the Williams." Odd that one should have been paying double homage to the same fruit under different aspects and different names! Mr. Enoch Bartlett, of Boston, certainly deserves credit for introducing into America the famous variety propagated in Berkshire, England, by Mr. Williams; but to celebrate the event with a re-christening was, I think, going a little too far.

The Williams, under its trans-Atlantic alias, is a paying crop in Ontario, where Clapp's Favourite, and a long list of familiar French varieties, also thrive and sell well. Plums figure conspicuously in the orchard and in its balance sheet. The nurserymen stock three distinct groups in great variety, namely, the European group (including Greengage, Victoria, Monarch, Pond's Seedling, Coe's Golden Drop, German Prune and Italian Prune); the American group, which tend to be more hardy than the foregoing; and the Japanese group, including many introduced by Mr. Luther Burbank.

Operations are not unattended by difficulties and troubles, however. A gale of wind may dislodge, a storm of hail may disfigure, a



portion of the farmer's crop. Perhaps the Colorado beetle will play havoc with his potatoes. "Yellows"—that dread, mysterious disease, may break out in his peach plantation; a Government inspector promptly arriving to mark affected trees for destruction, no compensation being paid.

Knowledge, perseverance and industry are required of the fruit grower. "I earn my daily bread," one of them told me, "by the sweat of my hired man's brow;" but he did but jest, as was apparent when I saw him, a wealthy man, one day helping to pack his peaches, on another day driving a loaded wagon to the cannery. Indeed, one of the chief charms of life in the Belt is that there, as everywhere else in Canada, all forms of manual labour are recognized as honourable.

It need not be supposed that the graces of life are neglected in that community. When the day's work is done, overalls are exchanged for orthodox attire. Dances and evening parties are frequent; gaiety deriving a stimulus from the occurrence of such "seaside" resorts as Grimsby Beach, where people come from afar to spend summer holidays in a village of dainty cottages. Bedecked with flags and Japanese lanterns, those cottages nestle among great maples and cedars preserved beside the lake; and on a clean shore of sand and shingle the little ones assemble to bathe and paddle.

Resident millionaires, whose fortunes were made in the States, have contributed to the amenities of life in the Belt. One has built at Grimsby "The Village Inn"—an asylum appreciated by visitors, since it is furnished with taste and provided with all conveniences proper to a first-class hotel. Another—at Jordan Harbour, near Vineland—has established, close to the Provincial Government's useful and extensive Experimental Fruit Farm, a superb children's school, associated with a fine library, a natural-history museum and a beautiful garden, not to forget a band-stand, an open-air skating rink, a toboggan slide and a concert hall with upholstered opera chairs to accommodate three hundred persons.

The two main sections of society in the Belt are: Canadian families whose orchards have brought them affluence; and young Englishmen and Scots who, after serving their apprenticeship under experienced growers, have bought land with money supplied by relatives in the old country.

And this suggests a final word of warning: without the requisite capital, it is impossible to embark on fruit-farming in the north belt of the Niagara Peninsula.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE LAKE ERIE COUNTRY.

And now I would have you turn again to the accompanying map. Note once more that, compared with the wide dimensions of Old Ontario, the Niagara peach belt is but as the paring of a man's finger nail. Observe, too, the great stretch of Old Ontario lying in a latitude thirty, fifty, and even seventy, miles south of that in which the peach belt occurs—a latitude, indeed, which, if you follow it round the world, will take you through the orange and olive groves of Spain, the sweet-smelling myrtle maquis of Corsica, the vineyards of Italy, the cotton plantations of Manchuria, and some of the finest fruit-lands of the United States.

To certain features of that southern country I would ask special attention. Note its shore line of over two hundred miles along Lake Erie. Observe the situation of Norfolk county, and of Simcoe, its capital town. Let your eye travel westward to the two counties



extending furthest south—Kent and Essex. Lastly, locate the position of Lambton county, with its forty miles of coast lapped by the waters of Lake Huron. With those features fixed in your mind you will be the better able to appreciate the facts which, as the outcome of protracted investigations in that country, I am now about to state

My inquiries had as their starting point this question: As peaches and other tender fruits grow to perfection in the Niagara belt, why in the name of latitude and common sense should they not grow equally well in neighbouring land lying nearer the equator? In other words, I set myself to ascertain whether there was any variation of soil, any caprice of climate, or any deficiency in means of transit, to hinder a vast extension of Ontario's fascinating and lucrative orchard industry.



Harvesting the peaches.

There is not. In that southern country, I passed through vast tracts of choice fruit land that is now growing grain and hay, or pasturing cattle. Mine was the interesting experience to be traversing a region which will inevitably some day figure among the great fruit-growing countries of the world, but where, at present, land stands at a low agricultural valuation. This forecast has a foundation in facts.

Peaches are already grown, and grown successfully, here and there throughout that country; and in various localities certain wide-awake persons are buying land, and planting it with peaches and other choice fruits, to an extent that is causing no little astonishment among neighbouring farmers, who, loyal to the form of agriculture on which their prosperity rests, are slow to admit that fruit may pay



better than "corn" and hogs. Near Simcoe, in Norfolk county, I saw some fine peach orchards, while extensive plantations on recently acquired land bore witness to the enterprise and foresight of an English company. Moreover, when in Kent, I learnt of a similar syndicate (but it was American capital this time) who were displaying considerable activity in securing future values at present prices. The area is so vast that those two companies may be likened to sparrows pecking at a pumpkin.

Let me try to illustrate the condition of affairs in that country which, now largely a network of ordinary farms, is destined to develop, over large areas, into a land of orchards.

After examining the soil of a farm on the Norfolk coast, I said to the farmer, "You could grow peaches here." "Shouldn't wonder,"



Cutting grapes.

he agreed. "Then why don't you," I asked. "For one thing," he replied, "I ain't too well acquainted with the business. More than that, I've got just about all I can attend to as it is." A similar answer was returned by another Norfolk farmer to whom I made the same suggestion. "I haven't got the time," he explained, "to monkey about with fruit." Both farms were for sale at prices which, even if one looked no further than their present use, could only be described as moderate.

But let me refer to prices ruling now (1911) in Norfolk county.

Heavy land east of Port Dover varied from £12 to £16 per acre. Light sandy land west of Port Dover varied from £5 to £10. For farms in the vicinity of Simcoe, some owners were asking £16, others



as much as £25 an acre. From a list of farms for sale in various other parts of the county I took the following figures: £5, £10, £16 and £17. That variety in prices represents differences in the value of improvements, or different degrees of urgency in the owner's wish to retire.

And now I cannot do better than introduce you to the brothers X, whose operations illustrate the extraordinary industry, as well as the excusable laxity, that characterize Canadian farming of the old school. Moreover, the farms of the brothers X are interesting as typifying the destiny of the country, inasmuch as we there shall find fields passing to the higher function of orchards.

Men of middle age, the brothers X live on their farm of sixty-five acres near Cedar Springs, in the county of Kent, and they also own and work another farm, situated a mile or so away, and embracing fifty-eight acres. They have a hired man during eight months of the year, and friendly neighbours help them gather their fruit. Otherwise the two brothers, assisted by their wives, do everything.

When, early in October, I called upon the brothers X, I was under the impression, from something some one told me in the village, that they grew nothing but peaches. The senior partner began by showing me their tobacco.

Recently harvested, the great leaves, already turning yellow and brown, hung in bunches on succeeding lines, tier upon tier, the dense array of drying foliage filling that ventilated barn from end to end, and from floor to roof. For note that the gracious climate of the Lake Erie country is favourable to a crop which perhaps you have associated with the tropics; farmers in Kent and Essex, and on the neighbouring Canadian Island of Pelee, having during recent years waxed opulent from the culture of tobacco.

"Is it difficult to grow?" I asked the senior partner.

"Oh, no," he replied. "Like other things, it pays for all the time you can spare to cultivate between the rows and round the plants. Then you've got to head off the flower stalks, and nip out the suckers that come up beside the leaves."

"What sort of quantities and prices do you get?"

"Well, last year from two acres we had 1,200 pounds or 1,500 pounds, I won't be sure which; but I do remember the price was 8d. to 8½d. a pound, according to quality. What the price will be this year no one can say. Some people don't fancy it'll be more than 6d., but we've got twice the crop we had last year, so at 6d. we'll likely make £60 from tobacco."

"And how many acres of peaches have you?" I asked.

"Don't know as I could reckon it that way," replied the senior partner doubtfully. "But as near as you can say, we've got 1,000 trees in bearing, and they're planted sixteen feet by twenty."

"About seven acres," I suggested.

"Daresay you've hit it pretty close," he agreed. "Then there's quite a number that'll come into bearing next year and the year after; and there was a thousand and upwards we planted this spring."

"What return do you get from the bearing trees?"

"Ah! there you've got me," replied the senior partner apologetically. "We don't keep any books. It wouldn't be difficult just to jot down the figures when we both come to turn out our pockets of an evening; only we don't do it, being mostly ready to take things a bit easy after a long day's work. We did start to keep track of the Elbertas, for they were a fine crop—fully three hundred bushels on the trees, I reckoned. But it took us all our time to pick 'em, leave alone count the baskets, so we soon lost tally."



Fully a third of the crop, I learnt, was retailed on the spot to farmers who drove in from miles around to buy fruit they might have grown for themselves. The balance, it seemed, found a ready sale in the thriving town of Chatham.

The brothers retained a general impression of the quantity yielded by each variety; and my complicated calculations went to show that their gross return from peaches probably did not exceed £230,—a figure which, as I pointed out, compared unfavourably with results secured in the Niagara Peninsula.

“Likely,” said the junior partner modestly, “the folks up there have more experience than us. Maybe, too, they’re better off for help than we are.”

I made an effort to arrive at the net result.

“That’s easy to work out,” exclaimed the elder brother. “Nobody bought any baskets except me, and I mind the first lot came to £10 and the second lot to £6; and that’s all we had.”

“And how much did you pay for picking?” I asked.

“Nothing,” came the unexpected reply. “One neighbour would take a couple of baskets, and perhaps another might have a bushel, according to how long they’d been picking. So it didn’t cost us anything.”

“Do you go in for thorough manuring, thinning, spraying and pruning?” I asked, remembering the Grimsby growers’ four cardinal principles of peach culture.

“We spray the peaches right enough,” the junior partner replied. “I always see to that myself. And we spray the apples, pears and plums just the same. As for manure—well, we ran short of it this year, so the peaches had to go without. But most of ’em had quite a bit last year.”

“Don’t you use artificial fertilizers?”

“No, sir—to my mind there’s no goodness in them” (a view, I need scarcely add, that is not shared by the more progressive farmers of Ontario). “Barnyard manure is the stuff, and if you havn’t enough to go round, some crops have got to do without it—that’s all there is to it. Then you were asking about pruning. Yes; we’ll mostly find time to cut out wood when a tree might be getting a bit crowded. As for thinning the fruit—I’ve heard tell of some that say it’s a good thing. But how is anybody going to find time for the like of that sort of work?”

“You mentioned apples, pears and plums,” I recalled. “Surely you havn’t many?”

“Lor’ bless you,” replied the amused senior partner, “we’ve got more ground under them than under peaches. Plums figure with us quite a bit, and pay well, I reckon. So do cherries.”

“You’ve got cherries!”

“Aye, quite a few, and so we have grapes and quinces.”

“Anything else?” I gasped.

“No,” was the thoughtful reply. “That’s about all in the fruit line.”

“No berries?” I persisted, determined to get to the bottom of their multifarious activities.

“Well,” the senior partner meekly confessed, “we’ve an acre and a half of raspberries, but they don’t cut any figure, seeing it’s an old patch that ought to have been replanted a couple of years ago. Then, too, we havn’t found time to keep it properly cultivated. I don’t suppose we took £25 worth off it this year, if as much.”

“How about strawberries?” I asked.

“Ah,” replied the senior partner, almost blushing, “what with



the trouble we had to get them picked last year, and forgetting all about running the cultivator through them this spring, we've given strawberries the go-by for once."

By this time I was all eagerness to behold their orchards; and soon we were wandering through extensive, undulating plantations of healthy fruit trees. I was filled with astonishment and admiration on noting the measure of efficiency which two pairs of hands, assisted by a third, had succeeded in maintaining over so large an acreage of various fruits.

"So you don't put up any fences between your land and your neighbour's," I happened to remark when, on reaching the edge of an orchard, we confronted a field of stubble."

"It's all ours," replied the senior partner. "We had those seven acres under wheat, and so we did that small field over yonder. It came out pretty light this year—under sixteen bushels to the acre. But we had wheat on the same land last year, and that's not a good thing, some people say. More than that, half the land didn't get any manure."

But I had no attention to spare even for such striking departures from agricultural orthodoxy as those words revealed. My mind was sufficiently exercised by the new light now shed on the industry and enterprise of the brothers X.

"You find time for wheat!" I exclaimed.

"Why, of course," protested the younger brother. "And corn, too. That's some of our corn still standing over there, in the field where we planted the new lot of peach trees this year."

"But why in the world," I demanded, "do you bother with wheat and corn when you've got so much fruit to look after?"

"Well, how should we feed our cattle, else? We're fattening a tidy bunch of steers down at the other farm."

"The other farm!" I echoed. "Ah, I was forgetting the other farm. What do you do there, besides raising beef?"

"That's where we grow our hay, and there's one large field we had down to oats this year. The rest is mostly pasture."

"Any cows?" I facetiously inquired.

"Five," replied the senior partner.

"And do you do the milking?" I asked, nothing seeming to be impossible.

"I do my share," he stoutly replied, "and the girls do the rest"—(such being, as I was afterwards to learn, his pretty way of referring to their wives).

"Have you got a milk round?" I asked.

"No, sir, we make butter—or, rather, the girls do—and sell it in Chatham."

"Why not save trouble and sell the milk?"

"Because we want the skim for our hogs."

"You raise hogs!"

"That's one of our chief lines," said the senior partner. "We've got about eighty ready now."

"Yes," put in the junior member of the firm. "They've been ready six weeks, and ought to have gone to market a month ago, as I told him. Now the price has dropped a dollar and a quarter."

"I know, I know," agreed his contrite colleague. "But there was the peaches and apples to look after, and one thing and another; so I didn't seem to have time, and the chance slipped by."

At that moment a corpulent red pig ran into view, causing some alarm to a gathering of hens.

"You keep fowls, too," I pointed out.



"Yes, and the girls don't do so badly with eggs, though they've only got about a hundred hens now. The chief part of it is selling young birds early in the year. We've got a couple of incubators, and they raise quite a few."

Then my inquisitiveness took a new turn; and I asked the brothers X how many horses they owned.

"Let me see," hesitated the elder, as mental arithmetic puckered his brow, "eight."

"But why so many?"

"Well, we like to have two teams. Then an extra horse might be handy at any time."

"That only accounts for five."

"There's two three-year-olds we've raised to sell," he explained, "and as soon as I get time I must be looking after finding a customer for them."

"I see—you go in for a little horse-breeding. Still, five and two only make seven, and you said eight."

"Oh, there's old Joe. He's pretty nigh too old and too fat for work now, but he's been a good horse in his time, and he's no trouble, standing quietly there in his stable."

"You don't keep bees, I suppose?" was an afterthought that came to me.

"Why, sure!" cried the elder of those two forgetful but versatile farmers. "Fancy not remembering the bees! We've got ten hives. And that reminds me—I must remember to have a look at them, for there'll be a lot of filled sections ready to come out."

From the range of those activities, the moral to be drawn, I concluded, would be more apparent to an outsider than to the brothers X themselves. Nevertheless, I ventured to express the opinion that it would pay them to cut some items out of their programme.

"You've just hit it!" the elder brother declared. "We've been that way of thinking for quite a while. Our idea is to give all our time to this farm, as soon as we can sell the other one."

"What is the other farm like, and what do you want for it?" I asked.

"The buildings are fair," he explained. "There's twenty acres that would do first-class for peaches, and plenty more land for other fruits. We'll sell for £800, which works out under £14 an acre."

"How do you know," I asked, "that those twenty acres are good for peaches?"

"We had a nice little peach orchard there. It's gone now. The trees were winter killed."

"In a year when there wasn't any snow?"

"That's right."

"But you know now how to prevent winter killing?"

"You bet we do. What's more, we knew then. But, having a lot of work on our hands, we only protected the trees on this farm. We took chances on the other farm."

These allusions may not be very clear. It behooves me to elucidate them. For here we find the key to a problem over which, I think, the reader will have been puzzling. The last chapter informed him that, in the Niagara belt, peach land realizes £200 an acre. Now he learns that, in the vast Lake Erie country, peach land may be acquired at £14 an acre. Why, he will be asking himself, should there be that enormous difference in value? My next chapter shall solve the riddle.



## CHAPTER V.

### TOBACCO AND EARLY VEGETABLES.

The Niagara belt had already become famous before the culture of tender fruits was attempted on commercial lines elsewhere in Ontario. In time peach trees came to be planted in Essex and Kent, where they thrived, yielding fine crops. But the fame of the young orchards in that southern country did not, as was natural, spread so far as the fame of the older orchards on the shore of Lake Ontario. And just as the outside world was beginning to appreciate those young orchards, a catastrophe overtook them.

Under the auspices of the Provincial Government, "fruit experiment stations" had been established throughout Ontario; and in 1899 the following revelations came from Mr. W. W. Hilborn, who was in charge of the station at Leamington, Essex:—



Showing an orchard in full bearing.

I scarcely know how to begin my report for this season, the two or three weeks continuous cold weather during the month of February wrought such sad havoc among the peach orchards that to look in any direction you choose, ruin and destruction is to be seen on every hand. Trees planted on soil most suitable to the growth of the peach suffered most. About 90 per cent to 95 per cent of all peach trees of all ages were killed. We had about 20,000 trees, most of them planted from five to nine years. Out of this number not more than 1,500 survived. A neighbour had 4,200 large bearing peach trees that had been well cared for and in splendid shape when they went into winter quarters. Out of this number he has only two trees that were not killed. Last spring about 1,000 acres of peach orchards was to be seen from the top of my house; at present there is not 50 acres of them remaining.

The trees were killed at the roots. The top was not injured. They came out in full bloom. All varieties gave promise of the largest crop of fruit ever grown in this district when the top only was examined. But, alas, the roots were destroyed and in a few days after the blossoms began to open the trees began to succumb to their sad fate. Trees that escaped were those that had been planted in soil that for some reason did not dry out with the long-



continued cold period. It was not the severe cold, but the long-continued cold that did the mischief. In the autumn of 1898 the wood and fruit buds of the peach ripened up perfectly, and went into winter quarters in the best possible condition.

During the month of February we experienced about three weeks of continuous severe cold. About 14 degrees was the lowest point reached on the ridge or high land. On lower lying land several degrees lower were recorded. When frost first enters the soil it expands and excludes the air from the roots. But long-continued frost dries out the soil, then it contracts and admits the air. This drying-out process while the roots were frozen was no doubt the cause of the trouble. There was no snow at the time to prevent the frost from penetrating to a great depth. Deep cracks were quite numerous in the soil, caused by the contraction from long-continued cold. The frost penetrated from two to three feet deep.



A section of the farmers market at Hamilton.

A small portion of the experimental plot was saved, principally of the last planting. This portion of the orchard had been sown quite early to crimson clover. Weeds also came up very numerous; together they made a sufficient mulch to protect the trees. Other portions of the orchard which had been cultivated better, and less weeds came up with the crimson clover, did not escape.

Facts like that stick in the popular mind; and to this day the general public of Ontario, outside the affected districts, will tell you that, because of the danger of winter killing, peaches cannot be grown in the southern country. From experts at Ottawa and elsewhere, however, I early learnt that, profiting by bitter experience, the growers had learnt how to protect their trees. The protection was variously spoken of as "a cover crop" and "a mulch." To arrive at a precise knowledge of the facts from personal observation and inquiry, I visited the Leamington district.

At Windsor (which is separated from Detroit by a few minutes' journey on a ferry boat) I entered an electric car that conveyed me through smiling Essex, with its farm lands on every side, its prosperous little towns, its occasional orchards and vineyards, and its numerous plantations of tobacco. On drawing near Leamington, we



came upon huge canneries, and the car entered a region where intensive farming was visible on an extensive scale—large fields of tomatoes, melons and pumpkins, and vast plantations of fruit. But what made the landscape chiefly remarkable were the vistas of peach trees. There they were on undulating land to right and left—tens of thousands of them. The sizes of many indicated less than four years' growth. Mature trees were loaded with peaches.

"And so," I said to Mr. Hilborn, "Leamington does not fear a repetition of the disaster of 1899?"

"Oh, no," was his reply. "Should there be a recurrence of the conditions that proved so harmful—a spell of low temperature with no snow on the ground—it will find us prepared. I suppose you know the general facts? There was nothing special to this part of the country in the degree of cold recorded. The thermometer gave a similar reading in other peach districts, where the trees were not killed, because their roots were protected by a blanket of snow. A peculiarity of this part of the country is the lightness of its snowfall, and in the Leamington orchards, during the cold spell of 1899, the soil was bare. At least, there were some neglected trees with a mat of weeds around them, and those trees were not killed. I noted that fact at the time, but you must not suppose that we fully learnt our lesson from the 1899 visitation. Five years later the same weather conditions occurred and again we lost a number of trees. That completed our education. At first it was felt that a cover crop, such as clover, would be an adequate protection. But there is a tendency for the cover crop to fail in the immediate neighbourhood of the tree, and that is just where the protection is needed. A complete solution of the difficulty is to spread a good thickness of straw for from three to five feet around each tree. That is now the universal practice in this district."

"By the by," I said, "the awful slaughter of trees in 1899 must have hit some of you growers pretty hard. You yourself were in peaches almost exclusively, were you not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Hilborn, grimly, "and to say I was hit hard is a mild way of putting it. But," he smilingly added, "it all proved a blessing in disguise. I replanted a certain number of peach trees at once, but I was compelled to look for a crop that would yield a quicker return. Well, I knew that the spring opened here earlier than anywhere else in Ontario, and I noticed as a peculiarity of my high and dry sandy land, that it escaped early spring frosts that were experienced on land of other formations in the immediate vicinity. I went to work on those facts, and began by building a glass house, which was ten feet by fifty and cost £6.

"A very low price," was my comment.

"Materials are cheap in this country," Mr. Hilborn explained, "and I did all the work myself. It was, of course, a rather rough and ready structure, but it served its purpose. In that house I raised 2,700 tomato plants, which, at the earliest possible day in May, I put out on an acre and a quarter. They ripened early and I sold the crop for £132. I figured up all the expenses, and, allowing for everything, including rent of the land and the value of the manure, they came to £32. So I netted £100 from an acre and a quarter. Then I put up some more glass houses and raised sufficient plants for ten acres, from which I sold over £800 worth of tomatoes. I have also gone into musk melons, which follow the tomatoes in the glass houses and on the land, and as musk melons pay nearly as well as tomatoes we get a double crop. Of course the business has gone on developing, and the last glass house I put up measures 102 feet by 116 and cost £1,200. You might like to see it."



Whereupon we visited a lofty, four-span, steel-frame structure, and I learnt that the ground it covers—two-fifths of an acre—is cultivated by a team of horses and a plough. Mr. Hilborn drew my attention to the adroit mechanism by which one man, on turning a wheel, can simultaneously open or shut all the ventilators along a span. He also pointed out the ample installation of hot-water pipes.

“Your coal bill must be an item,” I observed.

“No,” said he, “we do all our heating with the natural gas that comes out of the crust of the earth hereabouts. It is very much cheaper than coal. We get it, for commercial purposes, at 6½d. a thousand feet, and, for domestic purposes, at 10d. You pay rather more for gas in England, I believe?”

And I had to admit that we do.

My thoughts then turned towards methods of culture. Elsewhere in the Province I had noted that the tomato plants are left unstaked, sprawling on the ground, the grower giving no thought to defoliation or the nipping out of laterals. It occurred to me that the methods of Mr. Hilborn, since he was an expert caterer for early markets, might in those respects conform to English usage.

“Oh, no,” he laughed, “staking and all the rest of it is quite unnecessary in Canada. Indeed, experiment has shown it to be actually disadvantageous. The fruit ripens best when lying on the warm sandy soil. Having put the plant in the ground, you don’t have to bother any more about it. All you have to do is to manure your land and keep it well cultivated. It is mainly horse cultivation, but a certain amount of hand hoeing is necessary. I am particular to get men who carefully guide the cultivator in and out just where it ought to go. For the man who hustles his team along the rows, and boasts that he can cultivate twenty acres in a day, I have no use whatever.”

“Do you find it difficult,” was my next inquiry, “to secure an ample supply of fertilizers?”

“No,” said Mr. Hilborn, “I buy barnyard manure from farmers in the neighbourhood.”

“What! You are cruel enough to let them part with it?”

“As they are willing to sell,” replied Mr. Hilborn, “some one else would snap it up if I didn’t, so with a good conscience I buy all I can get. That supply I supplement with very useful desiccated animal manures that have been put on the market. Then, too, I use a good deal of nitrate of soda, bone and potash.”

We had strolled back to his handsome residence, and as I stood admiring it, I had the audacity to ask:—

“Did you build that out of early tomatoes?”

“Every brick of it,” he admitted. “What is more,” he laughingly added, as he pointed to the motor car that stood panting on his carriage drive, “I bought that auto out of early tomatoes, too.”

“Well,” I soliloquised in all good faith, “you are obviously a man gifted with exceptional powers, and it would be misleading if, in writing for the information of readers in the old country, one were to give your case as a typical instance of what can be done on the land in Ontario.”

“Now that is a most unfair thing to say,” protested Mr. Hilborn. “To begin with, I am not an exceptional man. If I am, then my neighbours must also be exceptional men. For instance, there are nine growers close here who are raising early tomatoes in the way that I am doing, and on land identical with mine, and each of those nine men to-day rides in his own motor-car. I don’t understand why so many writers should systematically under-state results. Appar-



ently it is because a certain number of immigrants, being unfitted by temperament or training to take hold of opportunities like these, have made a mess of things out here and have gone back growling. Well, of course a man who won't work, or who is mentally deficient in some other way, will be a failure in Canada; but I don't see that you do anything to meet his case by stating, for instance, that Leamington growers only make £20 an acre from early tomatoes when, as a matter of fact, they make a lot more."

"Nobody," I ventured to point out, "wishes to misrepresent the facts; but most people write, remember, for Tom, Bill and Harry, and it is important not to give them too exalted an idea of what can be accomplished out here, because, owing to their inexperience, they are not likely to get the best results."

"Quite so," retorted Mr. Hilborn, "but aren't you losing sight of the class for whom the actual facts would have a personal interest. I mean, the market gardeners of England and Scotland and Ireland. The old country has some of the finest men, in this particular line of business, that you would find anywhere in the world. Those men, if they came out here, would get as good results as we are getting, if not better. No doubt there are plenty of them so nicely fixed that they wouldn't want to make a change. But there are others who, if you put the facts before them, would be glad to take advantage of the information."

"Which facts, Mr. Hilborn, would carry the proper information to the professional mind?"

"Why, just what I've been telling you—about how we raise the plants under glass and have them well advanced, with small tomatoes already set on them, to put out as soon as all danger of spring frost is passed—about the middle of May. Then the first lot are ripe about the 19th of June, when they fetch the biggest price—£1 8s. a bushel of 60 pounds. That's about 5½d. a pound, but the people out in the West, which is our principal market, don't mind paying a good price for tomatoes when they first come in. Of course the price gradually drops, but there are several weeks when you get 14s. a bushel, there or thereabouts. Thousands of acres are under tomatoes in other districts where the bulk of the crop is picked in August and September and sold to the canneries for 2s. 1½d. a bushel. And, mind you, there is a profit for the growers at that price."

"And do I understand that those growers, even if they went in for glass, could not have their tomatoes ripe as early as you do?"

"Most of them couldn't. As I was telling you, we have very early land here. Only the other day I learnt a new fact about our land. The Market Gardeners' Association of America had a sort of census taken among the farmers in the States, to see when the seasons opened in different districts, and I was surprised to find that we are a bit earlier here than places over the border that are from two to four hundred miles to the south of us."

"But hasn't all this early land already been taken up for intensive work, and wouldn't newcomers find a difficulty in getting any at a moderate price?"

"Why bless you, there are two thousand acres of it in the vicinity of Leamington alone. Then it crops up at Harrow and elsewhere. Just in this immediate neighbourhood I've known £50 an acre refused for small lots, the owner holding out for £60, while at a recent sale twenty-five acres changed hands at £104 per acre; but there is plenty that is in use for ordinary farming purposes and that could be bought at a moderate figure. How can there be any rush for this land when its value isn't understood across the ocean, and



when the sons of Ontario farmers have gone hurrying off to the big opportunities in the West, quite overlooking the bigger opportunities that their own Province offered? ”

“ You are very generous,” I said, “ to take me so fully into your confidence, because the things you have been telling me must result in newcomers arriving to profit by your experience and share in your prosperity.”

“ I’ve thought about that,” replied Mr. Hilborn. “ Some people say, ‘ Let us keep our mouths shut, or we shall have a whole crowd of fellows taking up with the same line, and then the price of early tomatoes may come tumbling down.’ In an ordinary case that might be so, but when you look into the present-day conditions in Canada, you’ll see that that argument doesn’t amount to a hill of beans. We don’t at present come anywhere near meeting the demand there is out in the West for early tomatoes; and just look how that country is going ahead. If immigrants came pouring in by the thousands to take up with market-gardening and with fruit in Ontario, the demand would still keep away ahead of the supply. Don’t forget that the huge country growing up on the prairie isn’t able, because of the climate, to produce its own early stuff. But suppose for the sake of argument that tomatoes were overdone—what would it matter? On this land we can grow plenty of other things, and have them ready early, so that they will bring good money. For instance, I’ve tried strawberries here, and I’ll undertake to do nearly as well with strawberries as with tomatoes. Then, too, the other lands are all good for their special lines. Look at that great stretch of rich black loam down at Pelee point south of here. The Government drainage scheme has made it all right to work, and there are men on that black loam raising such great crops of onions, and one thing and another, that if I were to tell you what money they are making you would think I was exaggerating.”

“ Is that land cheap? ” I asked.

“ Cheap! ” he echoed. “ Why, they’re practically giving it away. You can go in there and buy as much as you want for from £5 and £10 an acre and up. That’s the sort of information you ought to put about in England; though, mind you, it doesn’t concern your Tom, Bill, and Harry. All you need tell them is that they’ll be warmly welcomed by farmers and market-gardeners and fruit-growers all over the Province, because we are very short of labour; and you can tell them also that they’ll get good wages, with all found; that if they are useless and lazy, they’ll be fired; and that if they are industrious, wide-awake and saving, it won’t be very long before they can be their own masters on their own land. But it’s the other men I’m thinking about—the practical growers in your country—the men who may happen to find themselves up against wet seasons, or one thing and another, so that they’re not doing as well as they’ve a right to. I daresay they wouldn’t think any more of shifting across the ocean, if they saw their way to better themselves, than I did of running across to California a year or two back, just to see what that was like.”

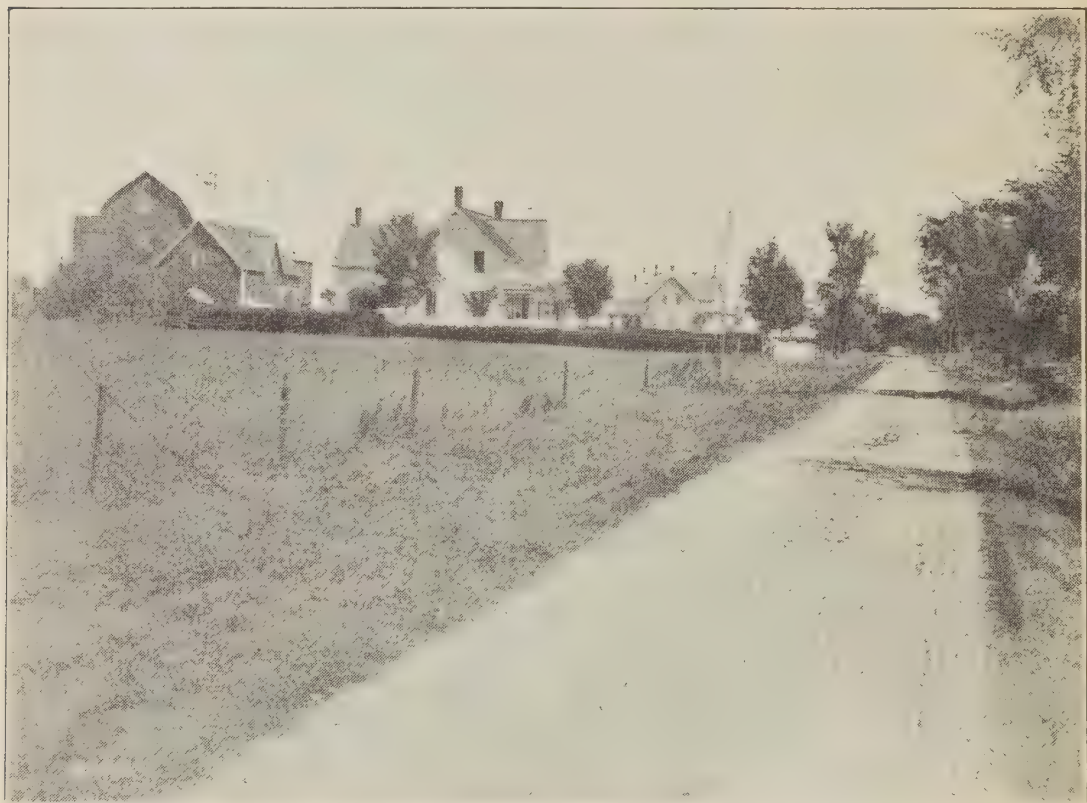
“ How came you to go there? ” I asked.

“ Well, I heard a lot about that country and I said to myself, ‘ If California is better than Ontario, I’m going to remove to California.’ So, leaving my boys to look after things here, I took a trip out there. At first I was greatly impressed—it looked as though there was better money in orange-growing than in anything we were doing. But I was not quite satisfied that those people were giving me all the facts. They are a bit shy about showing their hand to strangers, you know. So I bought some land, started building houses and stayed there eight months. By that time I’d got to the bottom of orange-



growing, and I saw my first idea was wrong—you can't make more money there than you can here. So I sold out and came home."

I had been out to Pelee Island—the most southerly part of Canada—where, after inspecting some of its vineyards, tobacco plantations and prosperous farms, I visited cellars filled with huge casks (suggestive of the Great Tun at Heidelberg) in which the juice of Concord and Delaware grapes was maturing into wine. My return voyage had been made in a little steamer which lingered at an island port to ship twenty tons of tobacco (part of the previous year's crop), a group of perspiring men toiling for over an hour to get the brown bales on board. Returning from the coast by electric railway, I had to alight at Kingsville and there await the arrival of a Windsor car; and, since the next one was not due for three-quarters of an hour, I beguiled the interval with a stroll into the suburbs.



Comfortable Ontario homesteads.

Nor was it long before my chance footsteps brought me to a large garden which could scarcely fail to arouse the admiration, and awaken the interest, of a leisurely stranger. It looked like a garden where everything grew by clockwork in a world innocent of weeds. The ground was newly turned between lines of vegetation of various forms, ranging from radishes to peach trees and embracing tobacco and maize—the plantation seeming, indeed, to comprise well-cultivated samples of all the crops to which that favoured region is adapted. Hard by, stood a red-brick villa that any one might be proud to own and occupy. In the garden I saw a smiling middle-aged couple who were picking raspberries from well-laden canes—she in a pretty milk-maid's bonnet, he in a panama hat.

Canada is a country where all men are brothers; and so I did but act within the sanction of national usage when I walked into that garden, wished that amiable pair good afternoon and started to compliment them on their crops.

"Yes, indeed," said the man, as he turned to survey his little kingdom, "things do wonderfully in this climate. I never saw such growth anywhere else in all my life. I've been here now for three years, but this land gives me fresh surprises every day."

"And it is such pretty country all round here, isn't it?" said the lady.



Finding me interested, they told me about themselves. It seemed that he had followed mixed farming on one hundred and fifty acres in Huron county, and, while not amassing a fortune, he had put away enough to retire on. So they came south, took a fancy to the Kingsville district, bought a couple of acres and built themselves the red brick villa. He had left a tenant on his farm, for which he had not yet succeeded in finding a purchaser.

"So," I said, "you turned from ordinary farming to take up with market gardening?"

"That's the funny part of it!" he exclaimed. "Retired or not retired, a man can't sit down and do nothing all day—it'd make him ill and miserable. So I thought I'd amuse myself by doing some gardening, and see if I couldn't grow a bit of this and a bit of the other. I hadn't any idea more than just to provide a little fruit and



An apple tree in full bloom.

a few vegetables for ourselves. But I soon had to start selling the stuff, as the only way to get rid of it, and that's how I've been going on ever since—marketing more and more. Look at these eight trees of early peaches. They've only been in the ground three years, and I've just sold thirty baskets off them for 1s. 8d. a basket. At three years, mind you! And I've always understood peaches don't come into bearing until they're four years old. Those eight trees are only what we put in when we first came. We've got one hundred and fifteen other peach trees coming along that I've planted since; and if we make £2 10s. from eight trees when they're only three years old, what shall we be making from one hundred and fifteen trees when they're five years old? Why, we'll be getting more from these two acres—run for recreation, as you may say—than in some years I made off one hundred and fifty acres, when I was working hard from morning to night."

"And that's not counting all the peaches we had ourselves," chimed in the enthusiastic lady, "and all I've bottled for the winter, as well as cherries and strawberries and raspberries!"

"Ah!" continued the ex-farmer, "we had a dandy lot of strawberries. I put in ten rows, ten rods long and three and a half feet apart, and they brought us £20. Then last year I had £22 from



tobacco, and this year I've got twice the quantity, so I've had to run up that barn to dry it in. Tobacco pays for a little attention if anything does, because you get such large leaves. Then last year we sold £6 of raspberries off these few rows, and it looks as though we'll do as well this year. And it has been the same all round. Except for potatoes, we grow ever so much more than we could use ourselves; and so the money is coming in all the time. Look at tomatoes—they've brought me £9 10s., and a lot of them came in late and went to the cannery. If I had a bit of glass to raise them early, I could do much better with tomatoes. It really is enough to make you laugh," he jovially added, "when you think that it isn't work at all, but just a pleasant way of passing the time. I never enjoyed life better, and as for my wife, she's grown ten years younger since we've been here. And out of doors half the day, she is, helping me with the gardening, as active as a boy and as merry as a grasshopper, aren't you, Liz?"

"Oh, I must say," laughed the lady, "I like being in the sunshine and fresh air; and it's so nice making all this money when we never expected to."

"Ah!" soliloquised her husband, "and we just going easy on a little bit of land! You should see what the others are doing—those that are really working. There's a friend of mine who makes a business of it, and he's selling over £1,000 worth of stuff off ten acres of peaches, melons and tomatoes. There's another neighbour who was telling me he sold £300 worth of early tomatoes off an acre and a half. And its wonderful the different things they go in for! One man that I know is growing red peppers—chillies, don't you call them?—and he's making good money, too. And you never saw such a pretty sight as his fields look, when the peppers are ripening. I tell you, if I had my time over again—but that's your car coming."

## CHAPTER VI.

### HURON'S SOUTHERN SHORE.

That land is most favoured which has a large body of water to the north of it. For water, more gracious than land, takes the chill off icy blasts. Indeed, the Niagara peach growers largely explain their success by pointing out that the north wind, before it reaches them, is tempered by Lake Ontario. Therefore I went to Sarnia in search of another Niagara fruit belt. For observe that Lambton county is bounded on the north by Lake Huron.

I have spoken generally of Ontario as a part of Eastern Canada that has a history going back more than a hundred years. Ontario, however, is a big place, and for long its southwestern extremity was overlooked. In Lambton county I met men of medium age who remembered when Sarnia was a village of shacks and the surrounding country was bush. Down to thirty years ago, it seems, there was only an occasional isolated settler on the thousand square miles that the county embraces. Even to-day a quarter of the area is uncleared land.

It does not often happen (the case of British Columbia's fruit lands notwithstanding) that a country attains its agricultural destiny at a single bound. Usually, as in Ontario, that destiny is reached through preliminary stages of grain-growing, and of its logical sequel—stock-raising. Late in starting, Lambton county is necessarily late in developing, particularly as Lambton county has its full share of the Province's one misfortune—a labour shortage caused by the westward migration of her farmers' sons. With reference, then, to the goal of fruit-culture and market gardening, broadly speaking the Niagara



belt has reached it, the Lake Erie country is on the way, and Lambton county has just started. At first I doubted if Lambton county had even got so far as that.

At Sarnia I learnt that mixed farming is profitably pursued throughout the county, prosperity being associated in greatest measure with clay lands of the interior. As, however, mixed farming will be the subject of a later chapter, I here need only mention certain of its local features. It seems that many of the farmers, by way of remunerative supplement to ordinary crops, grow beans, peas, "corn" and tomatoes for the canneries that are springing up in the county. I heard of others who, associated in a group for co-operative marketing, were advantageously devoting a part of their acreage to early potatoes. Much attention, it also appeared, was directed to the growing of sugar beet; an acre not infrequently producing sixteen tons, and the price being steady at 18s. 9d. a ton; the sugar refining companies providing free seed and holding themselves in readiness to supply gangs of Belgians to do the thinning, weeding, topping and pulling for £3 6s. 8d. an acre.

"But are there no peach orchards in Lambton?" I asked a newspaper editor who was in touch with local agriculture. "To see them," he replied, "you will have to take the train to Forest." Being, however, bent on a more comprehensive investigation of the country than would be possible on a railway journey, I secured a motor-car, enlisting the editor, and the manager of a farmers' co-operative society, to serve me as guides.

We careered along fair roads through the typical Ontario landscape—gently undulating farm lands diversified by clumps of trees; houses and pedestrians being no less numerous than in many agricultural districts of England.

Not many miles from Sarnia, we called at a large and well-cultivated market-garden; and soon I was conferring with its Scotch proprietor. "Yes," he heartily replied, when I complimented him on his strawberry rows and beds of lettuce, "they are not so bad for an old railway man." And this led to the instructive story of his experiences.

"I came to Canada seventeen years ago," he said, "and on reaching Sarnia I took a job in the Grand Trunk freight yard. Well, sir, I stuck to that job for ten years, for I liked the work and the pay was good. All the same, having a young family to provide for, I was never able to save anything. So six years ago I thought to myself, 'It won't do to go on like this, never putting anything by for the future;' and as my boys were just getting of an age to be handy, I decided to risk something new. I'd noticed the wonderful quick way everything grows in this country, and I'd also noticed that nobody seemed to make a business of raising garden stuff, same as they do in the old land. 'Maybe,' I said to myself, 'that's an opening!' Anyway, I decided to try, though I didn't know the first thing about it."

"You had never kept a garden?"

"No, never had the chance—not until I threw up my railway job and took hold of two acres over there, where you see that house. As I say, I had no money behind me; but the owner hadn't any use for the place himself and he agreed to let me pay him for it by degrees. When I say I hadn't any money, of course I don't mean that I hadn't a dollar or two. So I was able to send up to Hamilton for 10 pounds of radish seed, which I planted in April, and bless me if next month I wasn't pulling radishes. We'd got the use of a horse and cart, having taken over the place as it stood; and there I was every day sending one of my boys into Sarnia with radishes. It turned out I'd



a pretty smart young salesman in that boy, though I didn't know it till then. Back he'd come every day, sometimes with eight dollars, sometimes with ten, sometimes only with six—but always he'd got rid of the stuff and had a nice bit of money to show for it. 'Hullo,' I thought, 'this is all right; here am I making twice the money I made in the freight yard, and I haven't properly got started yet!' For, mind you, I kept myself busy on the ground, and all this while I'd been planting more radishes every few days, to have a fresh lot coming along when one lot was through."

"Did you limit yourself to radishes?"

"You bet I didn't. I'd soon got some nice lettuces for Jim to take into town, and, after that, turnips and onions, with cabbages and one thing and another ready later. He found just as good a market for them, and I could soon see we had struck a real fine thing. Why, at the end of a year we had made a big payment towards buying the place; and, with the business growing all the time, it wasn't long before I'd paid off every cent and started to buy more land. I could stop working for the rest of my days, because I've got property worth £3,000. That's pretty quick work, isn't it, for seven years?"

"Splendid! But you won't retire yet, surely?"

"Not me. I've got each of my boys nicely fixed on a market garden of his own, so they are provided for. Still, it's fine healthy work, and I reckon I've been growing younger instead of older ever since I've been at it; so I'll go on making money, please God, for quite a while yet, even though I don't have to. What's more, I'd like to see a lot of others come and start in at the same business. Look at all those big steamers carrying stuff up to the Soo and Port Arthur! If there were thousands of us growing garden truck, the West would still want more than we could supply. It's heart-breaking to see all the lovely land in these parts that's hardly doing anything—just grazing a few cattle, most of it, when it might be earning good money for somebody. But you see how it is. The younger generation have gone to the West themselves, instead of staying here to grow food for the West, which was their big chance. As for the farmers left on the land, most of them are too far up in years, or too old-fashioned in their ideas, to take up with market-gardening. Then, again, having such big farms on their hands, they can't handle any of the land to much account, more particularly as it's so hard to get enough hired help."

"You were exceptionally lucky," I pointed out, "in being able to start without capital."

"I was that," the ex-railwayman heartily agreed. "And I wouldn't like you to run away with the idea that any one coming in strange to the country could go and do the same. They couldn't. A newcomer would have to pay down a lump sum towards the cost of his land, before he could take hold. Any one coming to the country to go into farming, or grow fruit and vegetables, must bring a few hundred pounds with him. If not, he's got to work for wages and see that he saves them; and I know by my own experience that isn't easy if you're living in a town. It pays a lot better to work for a farmer; for, although the money doesn't sound so big, a careful man can put by the greater part of what he earns, because board and lodging are provided on a farm, so there's no need to spend much, and not the same opportunities to do so that you find in a town."

We journeyed further through Lambton county; and ever and anon to the left we beheld the great blue sparkling lake, with its wavelets breaking on the sandy shore, and with the far-away smoke of steamers heading north for Lake Superior and the Western market,



or south for Toronto, Montreal and other ports of Eastern Canada. Here and there long lines of wooden buoys, bobbing in the water, marked the situation of nets that secure goodly hauls of lake herring and other fish; and I learnt that the farmers along the shore were also the fishermen—the double claim on their attention ill conducing, as could readily be believed, to agricultural development.

Our next stopping place was a small orchard of large apple trees—the rosy, spotless fruit hanging thick on the branches, the well-tilled ground carpeted with windfalls. Its proprietor, an elderly man from Devonshire, told me that his four acres of mature trees yielded him an annual net revenue of £150—the reward of spraying, pruning and cultivation. By a ditch and a wire that orchard was separated from another having trees as large. But the ground in that case was a jungle of weeds, the limp foliage was turning yellow, and there was scarcely an apple to be seen—the penalty of neglect.

On we sped, noting large flocks of turkeys in the farm pastures; and I learnt that, in years gone by, wild birds of that species made Lambton county their home.

Arriving at the bright little town of Forest, we visited an evaporator—an institution where apples are peeled, cored and sliced by machinery, the “rings” being afterwards spread to a depth of about a foot over the ventilated floor of a large chamber suggestive of a Turkish bath; heat arising from furnaces in the basement. Afterwards we called at the large, varied and prosperous fruit farm of the brothers Johnson. Here I found conjecture confirmed. That farm, by demonstrating the rich possibilities of the local climate, heralded the great future that lies before the Lambton shore belt. Mr. D. Johnson conducted me round the orchards, and bore testimony that there was no special virtue in either their soil or their situation; thousands of acres in the county being capable of yielding corresponding results. Especially impressive was a plantation of peach trees only four and a half years old. Though those trees were set 20 feet by 20, certain of the branches were already touching across the rows. More surprising still, from that plantation he had just harvested a crop which had yielded a net profit of £50 per acre.

“The result,” I suggested, “of thorough cultivation and careful manuring?”

“Thorough cultivation—yes,” admitted Mr. Johnson. “But this land has not had an ounce of any sort of manure since the trees were planted. Grain was previously grown here for a number of years, and it may surprise you to learn that the yield ran so low that the last crop—oats—was hardly worth harvesting. You see, the oats fed on the surface layer, while the fruit trees penetrate to the rich virgin soil below.” Afterwards he showed me some four-and-a-half year trees of Ben Davis and other early apples, and behold! they also carried a good crop of superb fruit.

Next we visited a well-developed forty-acre fruit farm owned by a German, and I learnt that this land also, when under field crops, had given evidence of exhausted fertility. Of the magnificent results it was now yielding, there was the evidence of our eyes, the admissions of its owner and the testimony of his stable-garage. In that commodious structure I saw, not merely a choice array of rigs and wagons, but also the fruit-grower’s handsome automobile and the large motor omnibus in which he transports his produce to market. My attention was drawn to the elaborate facilities, on a raised platform, for mixing spray fluids. “Fruit-growing pays him so well,” I was informed, “that he does not mind what expense he goes to in matters of this kind.” I also discovered that, to profitably dispose of



small and bruised apples (only high grade fruit being packed for market) he had set up a cider press on his own ground.

My companions returning to Sarnia, that night I stayed at Thedford, where it was my good fortune to fall in with Mr. S. E. Todd, the county representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. I told Mr. Todd that, before visiting Lambton county, I came to the conclusion, on noting its geographical situation, that it was capable of becoming a great fruit-growing and market-gardening country. I also told him theory had become certainty when, on travelling that day amid the desert of "extensive" farming, I had come upon oases of "intensive" work.

"Ah," replied Mr. Todd thoughtfully, "and so the fact is patent to outsiders, is it? Yes; I suppose any one who goes round the Province, studying the results secured in different districts, and tracing those various results to local conditions, could not fail to recognize the great possibilities of Lake Huron's southern shore. In my own case, knowledge was reached by a more round-about method—by a method, applying over many months, similar to the procedure



Fodder corn is a favourite crop with dairy farmers. This is preserved in silos for green winter feed.

you have adopted to-day, that is to say, I searched for, and carefully examined, every example of fruit-growing and intensive farming that I could anywhere discover in the county; and, as you will be prepared to hear, the unmistakable deduction to be drawn from all that mass of evidence was that the potentialities of this county are immense, and far greater than most of its inhabitants have any conception of. For peaches this part of Ontario seems to be an ideal situation. In out-of-the-way situations I have found several little peach orchards. It would seem that the farmers have planted them to supply their own requirements, and they have found no difficulty in disposing of surplus fruit to their neighbours. Those little plantations have been very instructive. Some have obviously been in existence for fifteen years and more—that is to say, they passed through the years when winter-killing did so much damage in the Leamington district. It was especially significant that the rows were complete, which showed that not even a tree here and there had succumbed."



"Lambton county is not liable to a cold spell when the ground is bare?" I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Todd, "its snowfall, while not excessive, is always sufficient for root protection. Then there is another important point to note. I have hunted everywhere for 'yellows' and 'little peach,' but neither in such professional orchards as Messrs. Johnson's nor in what one may call the little amateur orchards to which I have just referred, have I been able to detect the faintest trace of either disease. I did hear of some trouble in the amateur orchards, and when I tell you what it was, you will be amused. In certain cases, it seemed, trees had been so sick that the farmers had rooted them out in disgust. In each case I was careful to get a description of the symptoms, which were not difficult to diagnose. It was 'leaf curl,' if you please—a disease which, of course, is so easily controlled by spraying that nowadays in well-cared-for orchards it has no chance of gaining a footing. But the owners of those little orchards never sprayed for anything—in fact, they were wholly without knowledge of modern methods."



A co-operative cheese factory in Ontario.

"Are they quick to take up with spraying when their attention is called to it?"

"Yes, quite a number are," replied Mr. Todd. "But," he added ruefully, "if you ask me whether the ordinary farmers are quick to take up with fruit and with garden crops, when their attention is called to the far larger profits they could thereby make, I should have to answer, no. It is very tantalizing—in fact, it sometimes makes one almost lose patience—to see these unwieldy farms being used merely for pasture or for raising wheat and oats, when the land could be turned to so much more profitable use. I suppose it is natural that the farmer should be conservative. Being apparently satisfied with the living he is making, he has no urgent prompting to go in for anything fresh. Then, too, he suffers a great handicap in the difficulty of getting help, and no doubt he is afraid he would be adding to his labour troubles if he went in for a new departure."

"It is also a fact, is it not," I suggested, "that the man who prides himself on being a practical farmer is somewhat slow to heed the voice of theory and science?"



"The prejudice against the theorist," Mr. Todd smilingly admitted, "is very deep rooted. In fact, the openings for intensive agriculture are so splendid, and the professional agriculturists are so slow to take advantage of them, that I am doing my best to induce other classes, especially professional men, to lead the way. Quite a few of them in this country have already taken to the back-to-the-land idea. For instance, there is in this town a young doctor who is running a small farm near here, and without any prejudice to his practice. Besides making a very promising beginning with fruit, he has this year had a few experimental acres under tobacco. It has never been tried here before, but I felt sure that the excellent results secured in Essex could be repeated in Lambton. That view is strengthened by the crop just harvested by the doctor. He has hired a hall in the town here, and there the plants are hanging to dry. I expect these growers to have a considerable educational influence, for the farmers will listen to the experiences of their doctor when they might not pay much attention to what an agricultural representative tells them."

"Do you not look upon immigration as another means of assisting agricultural development?"

"Yes, indeed. Immigration can assist in two ways—first by supplying the labour for which all classes of farmers are clamouring; secondly, by furnishing the trained growers who will take advantage of the openings of which we have been speaking. I never felt more certain of anything than that, if the fruit-growers and market-gardeners of Great Britain knew what can be done in this country, they would come flocking over. Why, here in Lambton you can buy one hundred acre farms (which, of course, want cutting up) at from £6 to £15 per acre, according to the size of the residences and the buildings that have been placed on them. To bring people to Canada, the main thing, obviously, is to let them know what its climate can do and is doing. In that respect we have hitherto stood at some disadvantage. The farmers are slow to tell the success they are having. Take the handful of men doing so well with celery and other vegetables on deep black loam near Thedford and elsewhere—land which is a dense mass of the richest plant-forming material you can have, though, until a system of government ditches drained off the water, nothing could be done with it. Up till now those growers have kept their own counsel, but I recently had a chat with some of them, pointing out that they were affected, like every one else, by the labour shortage, which can only be removed through the attractions of the Province becoming known; and I made them see that, by frankly revealing their profits, they would be doing a public service. Therefore if to-morrow you care to visit the celery beds you will find the growers willing to be interviewed."

Next morning we did go there; and I became acquainted with French gardening of a new and simplified description—no glass being used, and nature providing the "golden soil." It was black as ink and of so soft and open a texture that you could sink your arm in it down to the elbow. I have grown celery in England—pricking out the seedlings into a frame, digging the laborious trenches, lining them with manure, and ultimately earthing up with hand tools. Now note how celery is grown in that loamy humus—that nitrogenous phosphatic potash—of Thedford.

The plants are raised in the open and set out on the level, a straight line being ensured by a stretched cord; and when they have matured, earthing up is done with a plough. "That's about all there is to it," a complacent grower told me. It follows that one man can



handle as many acres of celery as of most field crops; assistance only being necessary when growth is complete. The harvesting operations are also simple. After the "heads" have been pulled, and shortened at both extremities, they are placed in a trough, and freed from grit by a powerful jet of water. Then they are packed in crates for immediate sale, or stored upright, wedged close together, on the sandy floor of a dark, frost-proof shed—to be removed, and marketed by instalments, during the winter.

It was an impressive sight—those far-reaching lines of bright-green foliage, even in height and unscarred by insect pests, which showed so conspicuous against the black and weedless earth. Uprooted specimens revealed celery as white, clean and crisp as any epicure could desire.

I openly charged the celery growers with making a lot of money, and bashfully they pleaded guilty. Here are facts that I learnt: for a crate of ten dozen, the price received is 14s. 7d. (or 1s. 8d. a dozen); commission for selling averages 2s. 6d., and freight amounts to 2s. 11d., per crate, which brings the 14s. 7d. down to 9s. 2d.; and the usual yield per acre is about 18,000 heads, returning something like £110 gross and £68 net.

It only remains to add that thousands of acres of that black land are on the market, at prices ranging (for large or small quantities) at from £8 to £16 per acre.

Afterwards we motored through another wide stretch of the county; and at Arkona I found a man who, growing raspberries on an extensive scale, sold them at 6d. a quart. He had secured as many as 270 24-quart crates from an acre.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MIXED FARMING.

And now—no longer fixing our attention on specific districts having their local varieties of soil and climate—we have to consider the style of agriculture that is practiced throughout the greater part of the Province. I refer to general, or mixed, farming.

General farming in Ontario is, of course, very like general farming in Great Britain. The most conspicuous differences arise from the superior climate, and are: a wider range of crops, and a greater certainty in results. British farmers know exactly what they want in the way of summer weather—plenty of warm sunshine, varied by a sufficient number of showers to furnish the soil with adequate moisture—but usually they have to put up with something else. On the other hand, what the British farmers want, the Ontario farmers get. To my English eyes, the Ontario climate performs downright conjuring tricks.

There is a field of several acres in front of a new cannery to the west of Grimsby village; and when, on the 25th of July, I noted it in course of being ploughed, my ignorant private comment was "Ah! summer fallow." Returning to the spot on the 18th of September, I was amazed to see the entire area covered with well-developed dwarf beans, the pods already several inches long. Upon my commenting on the crop to a local grower, he completely mistook the direction my astonishment had taken. "You must remember," he explained, "that we haven't had a proper shower since those beans were planted. In most years you wouldn't have any fault to find with the way they'd gone ahead." When you have been in Ontario for some time, the performances of its climate cease to take you by surprise. I got quite used, on examining a fruit tree, to notice three years' growth



(measured by English experience) and to learn that it was all wood of the current season.

To the prosperous character of mixed farming in Ontario one gains some clues on visiting the thriving county towns dotted throughout the western section of the Province—Brantford, Windsor, Berlin, Guelph, St. Thomas, Stratford, Chatham, Galt, Woodstock and the others—towns that are excelled in interest and population only by the handsome and progressive city of that region. To this city many of my readers will need an introduction. Its trans-Atlantic fame is hindered by its name, which is London. In the imagination of the world, that word must ever stand for a populous urban centre situated in another hemisphere. Somehow I always thought of this second London as a joke, until my first visit to the capital of the Canadian Middlesex. Then were my eyes opened to the fact that the second London is a city of prosperous merchants, noble buildings and broad boulevards. London stands eighth in size among the cities of the Dominion. It is larger than Victoria (the capital of British Columbia), than Edmonton and Calgary (the chief cities of Alberta), than Halifax (the capital of Nova Scotia), and than St. John (the capital of New Brunswick). And London—with annual bank clearings that exceed £12,000,000—is largely the creation of the rich farm lands by which it is surrounded. Every educated person the wide world over has heard of Ontario's two premier cities, Ottawa and Toronto. One day all mankind will also know about London Secundus.

By way of affording a further insight into mixed farming in Ontario, I may mention that, in 1911, the Province produced 84,429,000 bushels of oats, 17,737,000 bushels of winter wheat, 2,372,000 bushels of spring wheat, 16,069,000 bushels of barley, 1,802,000 bushels of rye and 106,000 bushels of flax. And since statistics convey only an indefinite message to the eye, unless a standard of comparison be provided, it will be instructive to mention that, according to the International Institute of Agriculture, the quantity of oats produced during 1911 in Holland was 17,426,000 bushels, in Switzerland 4,646,000, in Japan 4,364,000, in Spain 31,997,000, and in Roumania, 25,937,000. The oat production of the Province of Ontario was greater, therefore, than the united oat production of those five countries.

It is not easy, on either side of the Atlantic, to ascertain how much money a general farmer is making. As a rule he does not know himself, his system of mental book-keeping—if one may use such an expression—often being as mixed as his farming. But, after probing into the financial affairs of scores of general farmers in Ontario, I satisfied myself that, on an average, £200 would represent the profit they have to show for their year's work, after allowing for the cost of running the farm and supporting the family. To arrive at the scientifically-accurate average is, of course, impossible. But I submitted that figure to the Hon. Nelson Monteith (formerly Minister of Agriculture in the Ontario Cabinet), and to other practical working farmers who have held positions of high responsibility; and they agreed that the estimate was probably not far wrong.

Note that I am speaking of the average, and that the average is controlled by conditions to which my first chapter drew attention. A majority of Ontario's farmers are deriving from the land only a small part of the value it is capable of yielding—only a small part of the value it actually is yielding to men acquainted with modern methods of agriculture. The Federal Government and the Provincial Government are, by various means, affording practical guidance in sound principles of farming; but the prejudices of old-fashioned folk are



not easily removed. That phase of the situation was strikingly illustrated at a farm near Brantford that I visited.

"No, sir, I'm not the farmer," exclaimed the genial old fellow to whom I addressed myself, "I'm only a looker-on these days. I'll tell you what happened. I'd worked this farm all my life, and I made a good thing out of it, to my way of thinking, and I was nicely satisfied. But there was all the talk about us old fogies being out of date, and how we ought to do this, that and t'other in a different way than we'd been used to. 'All right,' I said, 'we'll see.' I'd always meant my son should take hold as soon as he was full grown; and it had been in my mind that he'd have learnt from me just about all he needed to know. But now I altered my plans. I sent him to Guelph College, and I said to him before he went: 'You can forget everything your old dad has taught you; you've got to start and learn everything all over again from those professor chaps up at the College.' Well, sir, when he had taken his full course and come home again, I handed the farm over to him and told him to run it just like he'd been taught to, and I wouldn't interfere. That was three years ago, and how do you think it has turned out? Why, John has made three times as much money out of the place as I used to. Three times, mind you—and not an acre more ground!"

After a round of visits to mixed farmers of Ontario one realizes that Necessity is the great teacher. Those farmers are not behind-hand in adopting labour-saving machinery. The difficulty of securing an ample supply of human help makes them eager purchasers of the most effective ploughs, harrows, drills and manure-distributors and of the latest reliable inventions for utilizing power generated by wind, electricity or petrol to raise water, fill silos and chop fodder. Nay, they never seem to begrudge the expense of erecting new buildings that afford up-to-date facilities and conveniences; a barn fitted with electric light being by no means a novelty. But when they are advised that one grain crop ought not to follow another; that an adequate supply of desirable fertilizers is essential to the best results; that they can increase their wheat yield ten bushels an acre if they eliminate broken seed and use none that is not large and plump; that a gain of fifteen bushels of oats per acre is a usual consequence of screening out light and faulty seed; that cows averaging 300 gallons of milk could and should be replaced by cows averaging 700 gallons—when, I say, they are told those things they are apt to shrug their shoulders and smile.

"I don't set up to be as good a farmer as some," they will tell you with cheerful modesty. "For one thing, I haven't got the help to go in for a lot of new ideas, which might be very well worth any one's while—I don't doubt it for a moment—but they all mean extra work, and I'm wishful to have less on my hands, instead of more. It's this way with me, same as with so many others—as my boys have gone out West, there's no one for me to leave this farm to, so as soon as ever I can find somebody to buy it, I'm going to retire."

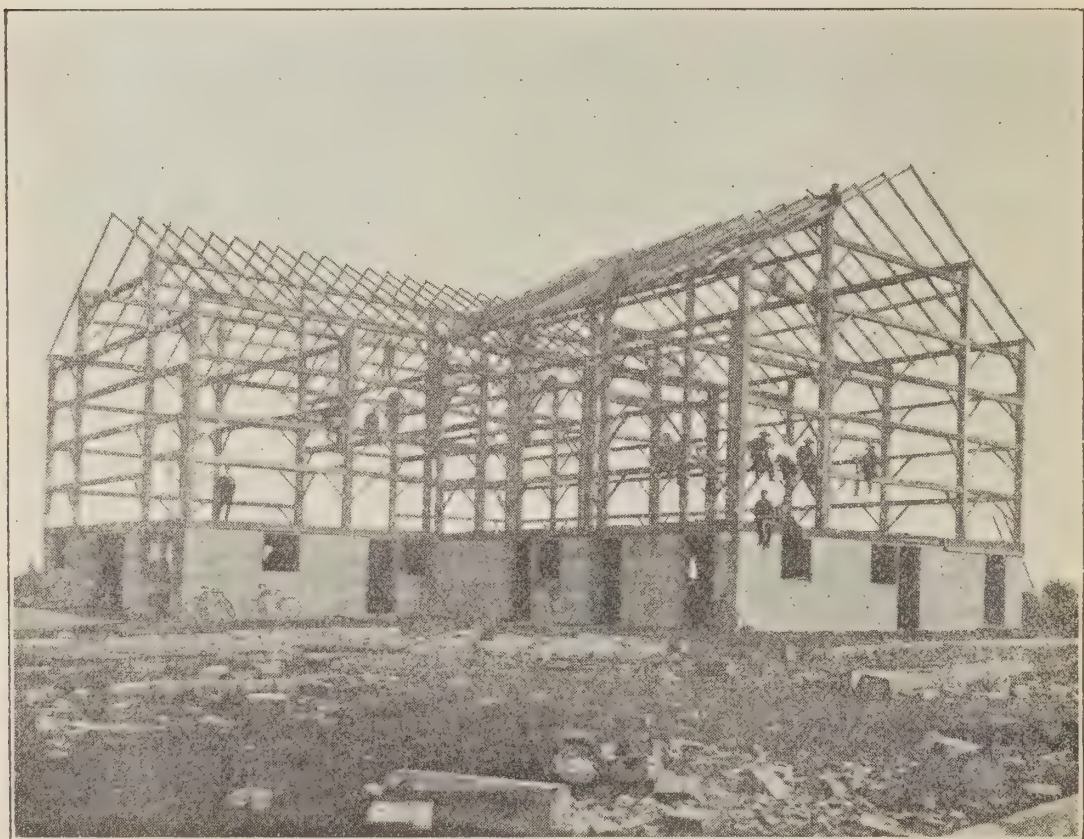
But the foregoing typical remarks do not adequately reflect the strain of optimism in the Ontario farmers. Those of the old school, equally with their youthful and progressive competitors, reveal a grateful enthusiasm for their calling such as one seldom meets with in this fretful world. Said the only grumbler I met in four months: "The work is hard, but it's healthy. Why, it's worth living on a farm if only for the food. You know that everything is good, because most of it is produced on the premises; plenty of warm milk and fresh cream and butter—eggs laid the same day—vegetables just out of the ground—home-made bread—and fruit all the year round."



"We always keep enough apples for our own use," a man in Prince Edward county told me, "and the different sorts last us up to the time when the gooseberries, strawberries and other small fruits come in. I tell you, there aren't many meals when my wife doesn't put stewed apples on the table; and if she should happen to forget, I go downstairs and fetch a raw one."

The Ontario farmers have only one subject of lamentation—the difficulty of getting help, and the inferior quality of much that they do get. They have to depend almost entirely on immigrants from Great Britain, and a large proportion of those immigrants are lacking in agricultural experience. "You've got to stand by and teach them," I was constantly told, "and some turn out well. Those are the ones that meant business when they came out to Canada, and hard work doesn't frighten them."

"One young fellow came along," a Hastings farmer related, "and I asked him what he could do, and he said he didn't mind what it



The barn in process of erection.

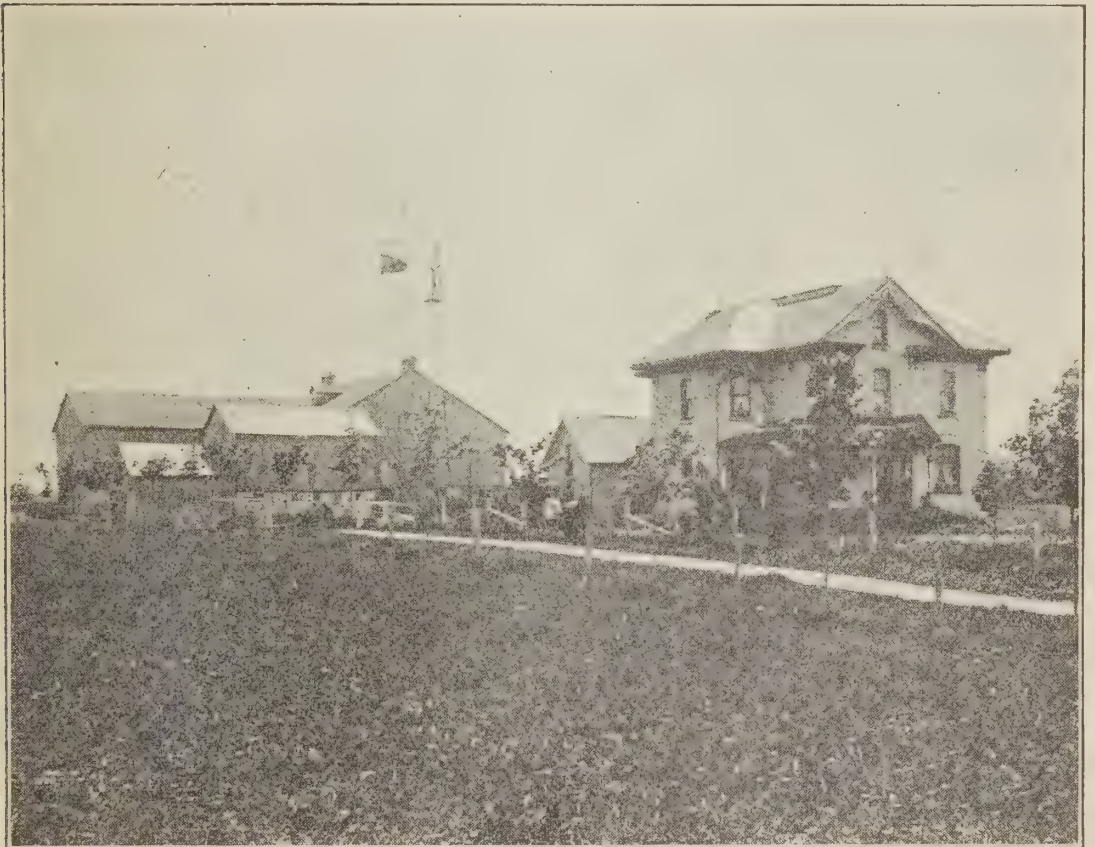
was. So I put him on to a bit of ploughing; but it turned out he didn't know anything about horses. Well, I was taking out the foundations for a house, and I changed him on to that. He couldn't make a start there either, for it seemed he'd never handled pick or shovel before. I asked him if he thought he saw any other job anywheres around that he fancied might suit him better. There was one of my men loading stones into a wagon, and the young fellow said that was something he could do. So I took off t'other man and put him on it. But when I came back in half an hour, there he was sitting down mopping his face, and not made any headway at all. He told me he found the stones too heavy for him to lift. Well, I'd been loading straw into the barn, and I wanted some one to tread it, so I asked him if he'd mind just walking up and down on that straw, to help settle it down. He said he thought he could do that fine, only when I came to have a look an hour afterwards, blessed if he wasn't curled up sound asleep. Then I said: 'I'm sorry for you, but as far as I can see you're no good for anything, and you'll have to go.' Next thing I heard about that young fellow, he'd got a job in the city as waiter in a hotel, for it came out he'd had a good educa-



tion and could speak seven languages; and soon after that, he got nicely fixed in a merchant's office, and now he's doing well for himself by all accounts."

"When you do strike one that's been used to work on the land," a Woodstock farmer told me, "it isn't long before you are paying him thirty dollars a month, to keep him from going to some one else who's offered him that; and, if he's careful with his money, it won't be a great while before he has saved enough to get hold of a place of his own, or to start working a farm on shares."

A frequent cause of complaint against Englishmen is that, for the first few months of their sojourn in the new country, they show more disposition to instruct their masters in English methods than to adapt themselves to Canadian methods. "I had one fine young Englishman," a Northumberland farmer recalled. "It didn't matter what you told him to do, he went and done it, and done it quick and good. But one day I found him talking to a different sort of young English-



Many farm buildings are fitted up with every labour-saving device, while rural mail delivery and the telephone keep the Ontario farmer in constant touch with the outside world.

man altogether. Poor fellow, his clothes wasn't any too good, and his face was white and drawn—the sort that looked as if he'd never made any headway at all in the world and had had to go hungry half his time. It seemed he had only been out three or four weeks, and in that time he'd had several masters—hard-working and successful farmers, for I happened to catch their names—but either they hadn't suited him or he hadn't suited them. And I heard him say to Jim, shaking his head very dismal and solemn: 'The worst of these Canadians is, they don't know anything and they won't learn.'"

It is a strange fate to have overtaken one of the fairest and most fertile regions in the world—that its agriculturists should be dependent on miscellaneous immigrants who are largely of urban origin. Such is the price Eastern Canada is paying for its enlarged nationhood. Thousands of young men from the old Province went forth to found the greatness of the new Provinces. Others—responding in another way to the needs of a new nation—have enrolled themselves in the professional and commercial populations of Canada's superb and vigorously-growing cities.



The exodus of rural population from the east has been stimulated by auxiliary causes. By reason of traditions inherited from pioneer days, the habit of working long hours became ingrained in the character of the Ontario farmer. And, since he was accustomed cheerfully to toil from sunrise to sunset, it naturally seemed to him only fit and proper that his sons should do the same.

"My brothers," said a young and progressive Canadian farmer who had inherited the paternal property (and the following disclosures are representative of what I heard in many parts of the Province)—"My brothers were all older than me, but none of them wanted to stay at home and take over the farm. I didn't want to either, but it was a promise to mother, and I'm so nicely fixed here—clearing up three thousand dollars a year—that I've never regretted it. My dear old dad was one of the finest men you could wish to meet, but he never seemed to understand that young people want to have a little time for recreation.

"It's been the same with many I've known—they were tired of the everlasting work with never a break, and no time to themselves, unless it might be an hour or so of an evening, when they would be pretty well played out. Then there was another thing—although we were always at work, we never had any regular wages. I don't mean we couldn't get money for anything we wanted to buy, but we always had to go and ask mother or father for it. When my boy grows up to do his share of the farm work, I mean to pay him regular wages. But the old plan of working from morning to night—that was the worst; and I reckon it's keeping back farming in Ontario to-day. I began the same way myself, but three years ago I made a new rule—all hands to start at seven and knock off at six, with half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner. Of course there might often be a few little things that have to be attended to after six, but I look after them myself. Then, too, there are occasions when we all have to work overtime, but I give extra pay, or an extra day off, to make up for it. I find I get more work done than we used to, everybody going at it better for having a good rest in between; but if I didn't get as much work done, I wouldn't go back, because of the difference it has made in the home-life. There we are every evening all bright and jolly, and ready for a bit of music or to settle down quietly over a book; while sometimes one might prefer to go off and spend the evening with friends. As my wife says, it makes all the difference between just living and having a good time.

"Especially does the old plan disgust the girls. You'll often hear them declare that, if they marry, they'll take good care not to marry a farmer, as they want their home to be a home, not a boarding-house."

"The problem of housing the hired help is one that Ontario has got to solve," Mr. Nelson Monteith told me. "My own solution is to have a married man for my permanent help, and to give him and his wife a good-sized house to themselves, on the understanding that they shall board any additional hands we may have from time to time. In that way I preserve the home life of my family; and I think the plan might with advantage be generally adopted. It involves the building of a second house; but domestic comfort is bought cheaply at the price."

So much for the conditions which in Ontario have tended to check agricultural development, firstly by deflecting the younger generation from local opportunities, and thereby causing the supply of farms greatly to exceed the demand; and, secondly, by leaving the majority of old-established farmers without any incentive to improve their methods and incomes. The latter phase of the situation may



vividly be illustrated by the important crop to which reference has already been made—oats. Indifference to rotation, to manuring, and to seed selection, is reflected in the ratio of production. From carefully-prepared Government figures we find that in 1911 Ontario's average yield of oats per acre was 30.88 bushels, while the United Kingdom's average was 43.03 bushels. And lest the reader should suspect natural conditions as in some way responsible for the difference, I may mention that in 1911 sixty-five acres of oats were grown at the Central Experimental Farm near Ottawa, and that the average yield was 64.2 bushels per acre. Given an equal mastery in agricultural methods, the sunny climate of Ontario yields better results, in this as in the majority of crops, than the humid climate of Great Britain.

And now I cannot forbear to glance briefly at a few cases (from among the many that came under my personal observation) of Englishmen or Scotchmen who, having crossed the Atlantic with nothing but agricultural experience, are now thriving Canadian farmers.

Near Simcoe I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. L., who went from Cumberland to Canada seven years ago. He told me why.

"I was a tenant farmer—in dairying; and for some time I managed to get a living. Then abortion broke out in my herd. One after another slipped their calves, and I was done for. It meant downright ruin—there was no other word to use. Well, I'd heard of Canada in a general way, and me and the missis made up our minds we'd cross the seas. The neighbours would have it we must be crazy to take a leap in the dark like that. But I looked at it this way—however it turned out, it couldn't mean any loss, because we'd got nothing to lose; and it wouldn't hurt us if there was no good prospects in Canada, because we hadn't got any prospects at all in England. When we'd sold the little that was left to us, and settled up one thing and another, it's a fact we'd only got just enough to get us over the water. So out we came, to sink or swim. That was seven years ago, and," he added with twinkling eyes, "we're still alive, you'll notice."

"You have done well in this country?" I asked.

"We are not doing so badly," was the modest and thoughtful reply. "You musn't run away with the idea we've made a fortune, for we havn't. We don't keep a motor-car, or live in style or anything like that. Still, we've gone far enough for me to tell you this: I thought the abortion back in Cumberland was the greatest misfortune of my life, but it has turned out the best stroke of luck we ever had. For if it hadn't been for that we should never have come to Canada, and we're better off already than ever we were in the old country."

"Do you own this farm?"

"No, but a few months now will see us on our own place, please God. That's what we've been working up to all the time. At first we hired ourselves on somebody else's farm, my wife doing the dairying and helping in the house. So we drew double wages—what's more, we were able to save pretty near every dollar we earned. After two years of that, I worked a farm on shares—a farm belonging to an old gentleman who wanted to retire. When it was sold, I rented this one, for I'd got together enough money to stock it. Now it's the turn for this farm to be sold—been taken over by a company that's going to plant it to fruit, by what I hear—and so, everything on the place being our own, besides a bit of money in the bank, we're looking round to choose a farm to buy."

"What class of farming do you go in for?" I asked.



"I've got a nice lot of cows," replied Mr. L., "and my wife makes butter. That leaves me the skim milk for the hogs, which pay well. Then I raise a number of steers and also a few horses."

"You find a ready market for the butter?" I asked.

"Do we, Kate?" said Mr. L., laughingly passing the question on to his wife.

"Yes, indeed," replied the lady. "I make it in real Cumberland fashion, and it's very much run after. But about what my husband was telling you—there's one thing he forgot to say. If we've got something behind us to-day, it's all been done by working hard and never spending a cent more than we were obliged. It has meant a lot of managing, and making shift with what we'd got instead of buying new things. I don't mean I've let the children go short of warm clothes; and of course on the table there's always plenty, if it's plain; but we've denied ourselves everything we could do without. If we hadn't, we shouldn't be where we are to-day."

One day I hired a "rig" at Port Dover, in order to explore the fertile lands of Haldimand county; and the proprietor of the livery stable, being minded to kill two birds with one stone, utilized the occasion for breaking in a new colt. The road dipped into tree-shaded valleys that interrupted the line of low cliffs skirting the beautiful lake shore; and the erratic behaviour of our spirited but inexperienced quadruped, as we went swerving and plunging down those declivities, taught my companion that he had embarked upon an adventure which it would be unwise to prolong. Thus it came about that, ere we had traversed half a dozen miles, he apologetically admitted the necessity for turning back.

Wishing, however, to derive some advantage from our ill-starred expedition, I bade him give his headstrong beast a breather, while I visited the farmer against whose property we had chanced to arrive—my impulse being stimulated by the sight of merry children playing in the garden.

Mr. H., the farmer, proved a man overflowing with energetic enthusiasm; and almost before I had wished him "good afternoon," he had told me all about himself, and poured forth a dozen questions—though without sparing time for my replies.

"Hullo! Out from the old land? Glad to see you. Looking around for a farm? Well, you've struck the right spot. You'll find plenty to choose from, and there's no better land in the world—you can take that from me. I've been out eight years. Hadn't a cent when I arrived. First had a spell of working for some one else, then rented a place, then bought this farm. Had a mortgage on to start with, but I've paid that off. Just bought a small farm for my eldest boy. You have to work like thunder in this country, let me tell you. But you've got something to show for it. I farmed in England before I came out. Bah! after ten years where are you? Just about where you started. In this country you can go as far as you like. It all depends upon yourself."

"And you like the climate?" was a question I managed to wedge in.

"Climate!" he almost shouted. "Well, where on this earth can you find a better one? We've got a real climate here. Look at England. You've got to keep a calendar hanging in the parlour, or you wouldn't know if it was spring, summer, autumn or winter. You can't make any mistake in this country. Why, over the water you could often go out of doors in your nightshirt in December. Try that game some days here, and you'd have your heart frozen in your body. We have to dress up for our winter and keep a good fire in the stove."



It's the best time of the year, to my mind. Take those days you get now and again in the old land—when the sun is shining and the snow is crisp under foot, and the holly looks so bright and green. It don't often happen, except on Christmas cards, but when it does happen, you go for a walk and feel as young as a lark. Then next day the thaw comes and everybody goes about chilly and miserable. Well, in this country we get the Christmas card weather off and on all through the winter. The nippers go sliding and skating and tobogganing and have a rare healthy time, and so do some of us older ones—what with torchlight processions on snowshoes, New Year parties, and one thing and another. It's nothing strange to go out and get sunburnt when the glass is down to zero. Of course there's the other side. When the sky is cloudy and there's a blizzard blowing—gee! but if you must go out of doors, you'll want your woollens and your fur overcoat."

Even that exuberant farmer had at last to pause for breath; and I found a chance to utter, in an interrogative tone, the word "summer?"

"Spring and fall are the times," he hastened to assure me. "It's a bit hot working in the middle of summer. That's when a dip in the lake does you so much good. Me and my youngsters go down for a swim morning and evening. It's why I wouldn't sell this farm when I got a good offer. Seeing what I was taking off the place, a party was anxious to buy it. As I told him, there's plenty more farms that could do as well. Only it isn't enough to have good land—you've got to work it properly and feed it. That's where any one across the water has such a pull. In the old country, what with rates and rent and all the rest of it, you get wise to making three blades of wheat grow where a lot of Canadians are content with one. Another thing, some of 'em put up with any old cows so long as they've got four legs. I want the best-bred animals I can get, and I don't care what I pay for them. Come and look at my bunch."

They certainly were a picture. And it was characteristic of all the British-born farmers—so far as my experience went—that they were immensely proud of their live stock.

Driving out from the picturesque port of Goderich, in Huron county, I came upon a group of Canadian agriculturists, whose thoughts (when the purpose of my explorations was explained) all turned in the same direction.

"Then the man you simply must see is B—. You'll find his place a couple of miles along the road."

"Aye, he's a countryman of yours, and as far as farming goes, he's got us all beat."

"As he'll tell you himself, B— came out with nothing but the clothes on his back—and now look at him!"

"Yes, you go along and see B—. He's a great boy, and there isn't a man in these parts that's thought more of."

I did as I was told.

"Making money!" laughed Mr. B—, when I alighted beside his handsome barn. "Well, yes, I'm doing all right thank'ee. This is the country where a farmer can make money, especially if he's learnt his business in the old land, same as I did. When I came out first—that's eighteen years ago now—I hadn't a red cent. So I went into town and started working for a builder. I lived quiet, and didn't spend any more than I was forced to. That's where so many fall down—they work in towns, and try to save, but they spend as fast as they earn. But I knew just what I was aiming for, and most of my money went into the bank. Then in a few years I took a farm and went straight at it, not asking any one how to do anything. Well,



I've not met any real set-back all the time, and to-day I've got three farms running. Here! Half a minute—I'll show you a pretty sight."

Having disappeared into his stables, Mr. B—— presently reappeared leading a ringed two-year-old short-horn bull.

"Isn't he a beauty?" cried the enthusiastic farmer. "I went a long way to fetch that beast, and I've just brought him home. He cost me sixty dollars."

"A bargain," I suggested.

"Yes, but that's almost an unheard-of figure in these parts. We're a long way below old country prices out here, you must remember."

Having put his ponderous treasure away, the farmer started to chat about the old land.

"I shall never forget the first time I went back to my native place in Gloucestershire," he recalled. "I thought ten years in Canada would have made a bit of difference to my looks. So I dressed



Interior of a cheese curing room.

up in old clothes and decided to have some fun. I stood up at the hiring, and presently who should come along but my old aunt—out to engage some one by the day. I pulled my hat over my eyes—and if she didn't come right up and wanted to hire me! In a gruff voice I asked: 'How much money?' 'Half a crown,' said she. 'Why,' I answered her back, 'that wouldn't keep me in cigars.' Then I burst out laughing, and the next minute she saw who it was. Gee! And there they all were doddering along just how I'd left 'em. And out here in Canada I'd gone right ahead of the whole lot of them. I take a trip across every year now, for the fox hunting. That's something I'm very fond of, and we don't have it out here."

Personal preferences as well as local conditions control, of course, the combination of activities that come within the scope of mixed farming. In the prosperous county of Waterloo, with its delightful English-speaking German population, I visited one farmer who, having discovered a deep deposit of gravel on his land, derived profit by selling road material as one of his incidental crops; while one of his neighbours, who keeps a large herd of swine, turns winter leisure to remunerative account by making sausages. Bees and poultry are familiar farm auxiliaries throughout Southern Ontario. There, because of copious sunshine, the honey-flow is constant and reliable, instead of sporadic, as in Great Britain; prices on that side of the



Atlantic being, consequently, lower than on this side. I came across two enthusiasts who, foregoing all other means of livelihood, were deriving an adequate revenue from their hives. I also came upon men who were successfully concentrating their energies on poultry farming.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### APPLES AND CHEESE.

All this time I have, in effect, been keeping a secret from the reader. I have not yet told him about a well-nigh universal feature of Ontario farms. So far only casual allusions have been made to a fruit which is grown from the River Ottawa to Lake St. Clair, from the St. Lawrence to Georgian Bay.

Apple growing in Ontario goes back to the early days of its settlement as a colony. Man is apt to be slow in learning the cultural capabilities of a country. The Province's suitability for producing



Residence of a fruit grower in "The Belt."

peaches has been discovered, as we have seen, only recently and only incompletely. But from the outset it has been patent that Ontario's climate and soils fulfil precisely the conditions necessary for the perfect development of the apple tree. In that Other England you find old-established apple orchards almost everywhere.

That is the least strange of several strange facts which, in this connection, I have to record. At the outset I would ask you to suspend your English ideas of what an apple tree looks like. Judged merely by size, the apple trees of Ontario could easily be mistaken for oak trees—a statement which the British orchardist will doubtless receive with a complacent smile, even as I shrugged my superior shoulders, and shook a sympathetic head, when first I saw those Canadian trees. For have we not all learnt that the day of the standard is over, since it yields low-grade fruit and cannot effectively be sprayed? Have we not all come to realize that the bush—on English broad-leaved paradise, in most varieties—is the only sound commercial investment, since it yields large fruit and can be thoroughly controlled?

Yes, but listen: the Ontario standards, because of the superior climate, are far nobler specimens than our standards; the expert orchardist of Ontario (using much more powerful machinery than our knapsacks and trolleys) does succeed in thoroughly spraying his great



trees; and from those huge standards he gathers fruit fully as large and as fine as the fruit we gather from our bushes. By that statement I shall perhaps ruffle the susceptibilities of certain of my fellow-countrymen, just as, by the comparison between British farmers and the average Canadian farmer, I may ruffle the susceptibilities of certain of my fellow-subjects across the Atlantic. But it would spoil the value of this book if one allowed the truth to be warped by diplomacy. The English fruit-grower believes—and it is a natural and harmless belief—that, for flavour, the English apple excels all others. That conviction can scarcely survive an autumn visit to an orchard in Eastern Canada. Again, I have heard untravelled Ontario fruit-growers declare that, so far as taste is concerned, the apples of their Province leave those of British Columbia far behind. To that opinion they did not succeed in converting me, who have eaten newly-picked apples in Kootenay orchards. My own summing-up would be this: tested by the palate, the apples of Great Britain, the apples of Ontario and the apples of British Columbia are—perfect; but of course an apple that has travelled three thousand miles can never have quite the same delicate freshness, flavour and fragrance as a local apple newly-gathered.

Now I want you to turn your thoughts to the revolution which, during recent years, has come over fruit-growing; a revolution which has had for its watchword—"spraying." In by-gone days the crop often failed, scabby apples went to market, and it was nothing unusual, on using your fruit-knife, to disentomb the larvæ of *carpocapsa pomonella*. Fungoid and insect pests came at last to work such havoc in the orchard that man took up arms against his foes; and to-day fruit-growing, instead of being a lottery, is a science. Concomitantly—or, perhaps, consequently—the world has learnt more fully to appreciate fruit, as a wholesome article of diet, than ever it did before. But I am turning your thoughts in this direction in order that you should bear in mind the sorry plight of those apple orchards which have not felt the influence of modern methods. Such orchards—still yielding their light and occasional crops of blemished and under-sized fruit—are numerous in Great Britain. They are far more numerous in Ontario.

It could not well be otherwise, seeing that there are many more orchards in Ontario than in Great Britain. Moreover, the powerful spraying machinery necessary across the Atlantic, has been placed on the market more recently than the slight spraying machinery suitable on our side of the Atlantic.

This, then, is the position in Ontario to-day:—Apple-growing being one of its leading industries, the Province is provided with ample channels of distribution—namely, the huge export trade for fruit packed in barrels and boxes; the ever-increasing demand made by the canneries which exist throughout the lake-shore counties, and of which one company owns as many as forty-nine; and the dessert market that is growing with the expansion of Canada's population and with the developing public appetite for a valuable food. The up-to-date growers are rapidly increasing their plantations and reaping a rich harvest. But the overwhelming majority of Canadian farmers, being unconverted to modern methods, continue to derive only the unsatisfactory crops that survive the attacks of scab, scale, caterpillar and aphid—crops which are of little commercial account. Experts of the Federal and Provincial Governments are crying urgently to the owners of those orchards "Spray! spray! spray!," also "Cultivate! cultivate! cultivate!," and likewise "Prune! prune! prune!" Comfortable, philosophic and old-fashioned farmers are, however, slow to adopt strange innovations. Therefore (and this is



the point to which I have been leading up) immigrant agriculturists from the old land will find, in the neglected orchard which is a feature of so many Ontario farms, a dormant asset which may quickly be turned into revenue; that revived orchard serving as a nucleus for a gradually-extending plantation.

For the spray-nozzle is a golden key that unlocks the door of a treasury. Bedew the neglected trees with lime and sulphur, supplemented by arsenate of lead, and behold! instead of a harvest of cents, you gather a crop of dollars. Government agents, operating upon a woe-begone and unprofitable orchard here and there, have demonstrated the value of spraying and care. From an official report I quote the following facts:—

Six neglected orchards in different parts of the Georgian Bay district were recently taken in hand. In early spring all loose bark was scraped off; then, just before the leaves began to show, the first spraying was done (lime-and-sulphur solution mixed with water in the proportion of one to ten). Pruning having been attended to, the second spraying took place immediately after the blossom had fallen (one part of lime-and-sulphur solution to forty parts of water, with the addition of arsenate of lead). At the first spraying, four gallons to the tree was the quantity used—at the second spraying, about five gallons to the tree. “The orchard,” we read, “included many varieties of apples, Ben Davis, Astrachan and Snow predominating. They were carefully graded and packed;” and they sold for 12s. 6d. per barrel of autumn and winter kinds, and for 10s. 5d. per barrel of summer kinds; windfalls realizing 5s. 2d., and “culls” 2s. 6d. The six little orchards included 533 trees; gross returns amounted to £276 13s. 9d.; net returns were £210. That works out at an average profit of 8s. 4d. per tree. Of those six orchards, the best (containing 50 trees), yielded £64 17s. 3½d. gross, and £48 10s. 8½d. net. The highest returns from this orchard in any year preceding the demonstration, was £10 8s. 4d. Another of those orchards, which had never previously yielded more than £6 5s., netted £17 19s. 4½d.

“In Dundas county,” to quote further from the same report, “the representative and his assistant took charge of four orchards and directed the care of another. In one orchard of 43 trees, covering one and one-third acre, there was a yield of 143 barrels, which netted to the owner \$400 ” (£83 6s. 8d.) “on the trees. A row of unsprayed trees was left in the centre of the orchard, and these five trees yielded only seven barrels, of which only one was No. 1. The spraying material cost \$7.90 ” (£1 11s. 9d.). “In another orchard, four miles distant, fourteen McIntosh trees and sixteen Fameuse trees yielded \$350 ” (£72 18s. 4d.) “worth of fruit, while the product of another demonstration orchard was purchased by the Dominion Government for exhibition at the World’s Fair, Brussels. These and like results obtained in the other two orchards were in striking contrast to the small and inferior crops yielded in unsprayed and uncared-for orchards of the same neighbourhood.”

And again: “One of the many orchards visited in Essex and Kent had been in sod twelve years and had been pruned but little. Although it was badly infested with San José scale, it was pruned, sprayed and kept cultivated during the summer. The result was the only marketable crop of apples ever grown by the orchard, 75 per cent being No. 1. They took first prize at many of the Fall Fairs and the surplus was sold at \$1 a bushel.”

Those statements may usefully be supplemented by some facts I extracted from Mr. M. C. Smith, of Burlington.

“Six years ago,” he said, “I took hold of an eight-acre orchard of Baldwins, Greenings and Spies in this county. The owner had



been trying to grow vegetables under the trees, but he never fertilized the ground and he never did any spraying or pruning. The trees were about thirty-five years old, and, as far as I could find out, the only occasion when they yielded a good crop was in 1896. Since I took hold of that orchard it has averaged 1,000 barrels a year. Last year the crop fetched £730."

Then Mr. Smith gave me details of a forty-acre orchard of thirty-year-old Spies, Kings, Greenings and other varieties. "They had never been sprayed," he explained, "and for fifteen or twenty years the land had not been cultivated or fertilized, and the trees had not been pruned. We took possession two years ago last spring, immediately scraping the trees and thoroughly fertilizing the ground with commercial fertilizer. We sprayed three times during the season, we pruned the orchard as early in spring as possible, and we kept up cultivation till the middle of June. That year we sold the crop of apples for over £1,000. Last year we did the same work, and sold the crop for £1,458. During the eight years before we took possession, the annual crop from the whole of the orchard never exceeded £20. That 40-acre orchard was part of a 150-acre farm we bought for £1,770. After taking off those two crops, amounting to over £2,500, we sold the orchard and farm (less 35 acres that we retained) for £3,540. The new owner, continuing spraying and culture, has this year harvested a larger crop than we secured last year. For the results of thorough spraying and care are cumulative."

"There is an orchard of less than six acres east of Burlington," Mr. Smith was presently explaining. "It had never been sprayed, though it had always received a certain amount of manuring and cultivation. Owing to its situation beside the lake, the fruit got very scabby, and as the crop was always poor in quality it never gave the owner more than an annual return of from £60 to £80. A year ago last spring I took hold of that orchard as an object-lesson. I sprayed it very thoroughly, at a cost to the owner of £20, and that season he sold his crop of apples for £270."

I asked if the spraying outfit was costly.

"No," replied Mr. Smith, "a man with only an acre and a half of orchard can fit himself out for £3. A hand pump suitable for from two to five acres would cost about £12. For larger orchards the power apparatus may run to as much as £60."

And in this connection I recall a visit I paid to the owner of a large and prosperous orchard near Belleville. He showed me the wagon that bore the tank of spray fluid and the petrol engine for pumping it. The cost, it seemed, was £22, but he found it a cheaper investment than the £13 hand-power apparatus he formerly used. "You see," he explained, "in that case I always had to have a man with me to do the pumping. This outfit I can work by myself, for you are not on the move while you are directing the spray on the trees, and when you shut down on that job you are free to look after the horse." Also I learnt that to reach remote branches, the operator stands on the wagon, while exceptional altitudes (as when a tree has attained a height of forty feet) are dealt with from a movable timber tower.

And now I come to another strange fact in the recent history of apple-growing in Ontario. A number of capitalists formed themselves into a company and rented some of the uncared-for plantations. Said the company to the farmer: "We will pay you £40 per annum"—or other figure, according to the number and age of the trees—"for your orchard on a ten-years' agreement." If the farmer consented, probably his next surprising experience was to find the company employing and paying him to run his cultivator through his own



orchard. And he would witness the arrival of sprayers and pruners, and afterwards of pickers and packers—the crop probably taking his breath away. A second and larger company has since entered the field, and combinations of progressive farmers are operating on similar lines. There is ample room for all. Nay, Southern Ontario is so large a country, and it is so liberally provided with orchards, that individuals and companies have at present succeeded in capturing only strips and patches of the vast kingdom over which the codling moth and the cankerworm, the bark beetle and the sooty blotch, hold dominion.

No part of Ontario is better adapted for apple-growing than a broad stretch of country extending right along the north shore of Lake Ontario, and having the city of Hamilton at one end and the town of Kingston at the other—its coast dotted with dainty pleasure resorts, with here and there the stately homes of American millionaires. The “keeping” varieties of apples mature to perfection in that country, and for distant markets those varieties are of chief account—a matter of which the importance is revealed by the fact that Ontario annually exports (to Great Britain and Western Canada) about £1,000,000 worth of apples.

Since many of the winter and autumn varieties are slow to come into bearing, they are usually planted thirty-five feet by forty, these permanent trees being interspersed with quick-developing kinds that become profitable in five years from planting. Where more speedy returns are desired from a newly-planted orchard, berries and currants are grown between the rows. Superb American apples reign almost supreme in the Ontario orchards, where Cox’s Orange Pippin and Wellington are unknown. In the matter of pests, the two countries differ more in nomenclature than in species. The Canadian “cankerworms” are apparently identical with the voracious progeny of our winter moths (“grease banding” being sometimes adopted against the wingless females), while the trans-Atlantic apple aphid is presumably our *psylla mali*. So far as my personal observation went, we are the stronger in aphides and Ontario is the stronger in scales; while in “fire blight” that country has a mysterious disease (unfortunately not yet under control) from which we are, I believe, quite free. As to remedies, growers on the other side do not bother about our caustic soda “winter wash”; against caterpillars they employ the same arsenical poisons that we do; and their favourite fungicide is a solution of flowers of sulphur and fresh stone lime, which is used at one strength on dormant wood, and with more water for later applications. Ontario is, however, fully alive to the virtues of “Bordeaux.”

Among English and Scotch agriculturists who desire improved opportunities, many would be willing and able to include a remunerative orchard within the scope of their activities. To such persons I commend that Lake Ontario country, where prosperity is attained in greatest measure by men who devote part of their energies to fruit-growing and part to either mixed farming or dairying.

And mention of dairying recalls me to the thriving eastern counties (Leeds, Hastings, Dundas, Addington, Lanark, Glengarry, Russell, Stormont and the others), which bring to a fitting climax my cursory review of Ontario’s varied forms and phases of agriculture. For those eastern districts (associated with Oxford, Norfolk, Middlesex and other inland counties in the west) are the headquarters of milk-production, which is a leading industry of the Province. Translating that statement into statistics, I may mention that in the year 1910-11 the United Kingdom received more cheese from Canada (namely, 76,457 long tons) than from all the rest of the world put together (the other countries aggregating only 45,007 tons), while



Ontario annually produces over 65,000 tons, representing a value of about £3,000,000. Dotted about the country-side, notably in the eastern counties, are over a thousand factories (where the cheese is made), besides several hundred creameries (which produce butter) and additional establishments that furnish the public with condensed and dessicated milk.

It is fascinating to stand in a cheese factory and watch the trained expert making a food of which one pound (costing about 10d.) contains as much nourishment as two and one-half pounds of beef-steak. Wagons arrive in early morning with the milk, which, after being weighed, is passed into a jacketed vat where its temperature is raised to 86 degrees F. The proper degree of acidity having been ensured by the use of a fermentation "starter," the cheesemaker adds his extract of rennet (about three liquid ounces to 1,000 pounds of milk); coagulation resulting in from thirty to forty minutes. Then come the processes of cutting, stirring and heating, followed by the drawing of the whey. Afterwards the curd is matured, salted, placed in hoops, and subjected to various degrees and stages of pressure, which is interrupted to give opportunity for the adjustment and trimming of the bandage. Finally the great round Cheddars, of about seventy pounds or ninety pounds in weight, are stored in the curing room, which is associated with an ice chamber.

The factories and creameries are run on co-operative lines, each farmer receiving his due proportion of payments obtained for the cheese or butter, less a corresponding percentage of the cost of production. For my readers the significant point is this: just as canneries provide a constant supplementary market for fruit and vegetables, so the cheese factories and creameries provide a constant supplementary market for dairy produce. Of course farmers in Ontario dispose of their milk in all of the alternative ways adopted in Great Britain. Some dispatch it by rail to an urban centre; others, situated near a town or village, have a retail connection; still others use separators and send cream into town; a fourth class make butter on the farm; and so on.

Each of those alternatives involves labour for milk disposal, as distinguished from milk-production. From the dairy-farmer's point of view, the supreme merit of the factory and creamery system is that it relieves him of all trouble in marketing his produce. Once a day he puts his churns of milk on the little roadside platform in front of his house; a wagon collecting those churns and afterwards returning his whey as a beverage for hogs. Or twice a week he in similar fashion dispatches his cream to be made into butter. Or, again, his milk is taken to the creamery, whence he receives either the "skim" or the value of its casein (for which, as a substitute for ivory, celluloid, etc., there is a growing demand).

In either case, be it noted, the farmer is enabled to devote undivided energies to the selection and care of his live-stock, and to the raising of grain, "corn," roots and hay for their sustenance. Here, then, is the large field of opportunity for men who have learnt agriculture and cattle-breeding under English, Scotch, and Irish conditions—a stern school making for high proficiency. All the dairy farmers of Ontario seem to be doing well; but the men (Canadian as well as British) who have the skill to raise bumper crops and heavy milkers, are making handsome profits. And none are faring better than those who are specializing in breeding (whether cattle or horses).

By good judges who keep their eyes and ears open, there are some noble, cheap-at-any-price beasts to be picked up in the Province, not only among Ayrshires and Jerseys but also among shorthorns and Holsteins. I have not forgotten "Boutsje," discovered and acquired by the professors of Guelph College; though even they were surprised



when the records of 1909-10 showed that her season's output was 20,014 pounds of milk, testing 3.5 per cent fat—a performance which, valuing milk as low as 2d. a quart, showed a profit of over £66 gross and over £49 net. With the progeny of such cattle available, the expert dairy farmer of Eastern Canada can build up splendid herds.

Thus—to summarize this little book in a sentence—Ontario offers to industrious agriculturists cheap land, congenial society, a glorious climate, beautiful surroundings and assured prosperity. Of what the



Tobacco grown in Essex County.

Province is destined to achieve, when her rural population shall be adequately recruited, some idea may be gathered from what the Province has already achieved, in her present under-manned condition. The Ontario farms annually yield £25,000,000 worth of produce; and careful Government figures show her agriculturists to be possessed of the following values:—£60,000,000 in buildings; £15,000,000 in implements; £36,000,000 in live-stock; and £136,000,000 in land. That last item prompts me to add an instructive statistical comparison between the developing West and the developed East. The average value per acre of occupied farm lands in Ontario is £10, in Manitoba £6 19s. 7½d., in Saskatchewan £4 11s. 8d., in Alberta £4 18s., and in British Columbia £15 8s. 4d.



If the reader desires further information or advice in reference to the Province of Ontario or to any other part of Canada, the same will be given free of charge on application, either personally or by letter, to one of the undermentioned Agents of the Canadian Immigration Department.

#### ENGLAND.

**Mr. J. OBED SMITH**, Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,  
11-12 Charing Cross, London, S.W.

**Mr. A. F. Jury**, 48 Lord Street, Liverpool.

**Mr. Malcolm McIntyre**, 139 Corporation Street, Birmingham..

**Canadian Government Agent**, 81 Queen Street, Exeter.

**Mr. L. Burnett**, 16 Parliament Street, York.

#### SCOTLAND.

**Mr. J. K. Miller**, 107 Hope Street, Glasgow.

**Canadian Government Agent**, 26 Guild Street, Aberdeen.

#### IRELAND.

**Mr. John Webster**, 17-19 Victoria Street, Belfast.

**Mr. Edward O'Kelly**, 44 Dawson Street, Dublin.

The Special Agent of the Provincial Government of Ontario is **Mr. N. B. Colcock**, 163, Strand, London, W.C., who will also be glad to furnish information on any matter affecting emigration to Ontario.

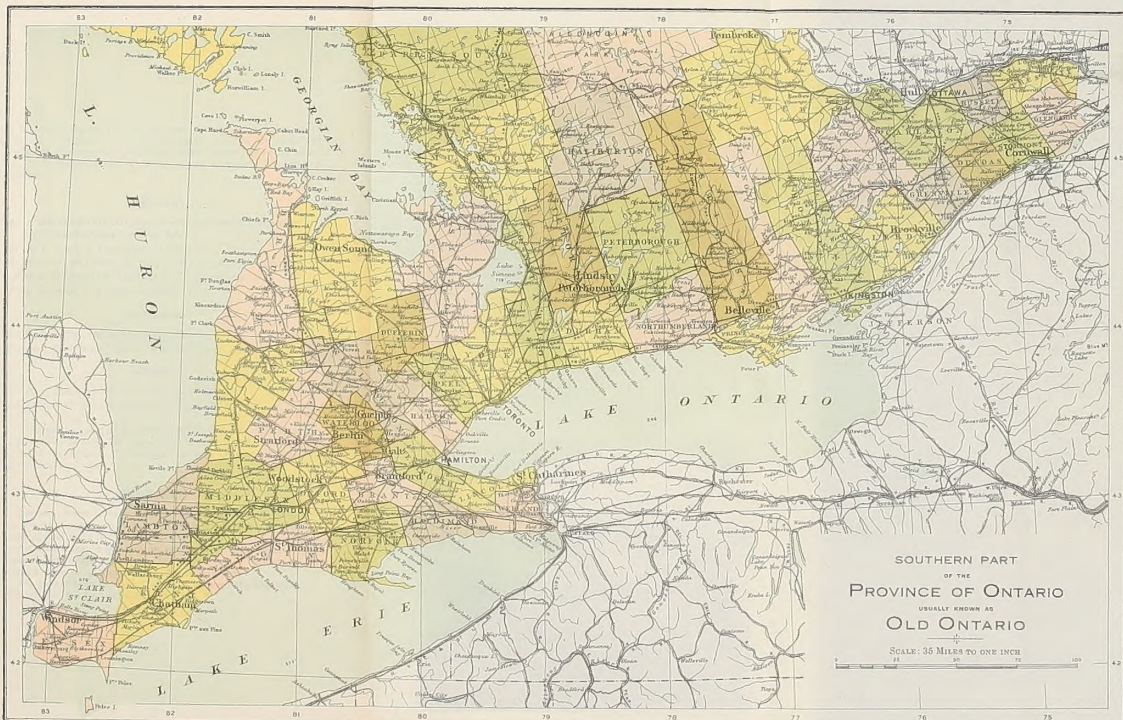
#### IMPORTANT.

Farmers, Farm Labourers, and Female Domestic Servants are the only people whom the Canadian Immigration Department advises to go to Canada.

All others should get definite assurance of employment in Canada before leaving home, and have money enough to support them for a time in case of disappointment.

The proper time to reach Canada is between the beginning of April and the end of September.













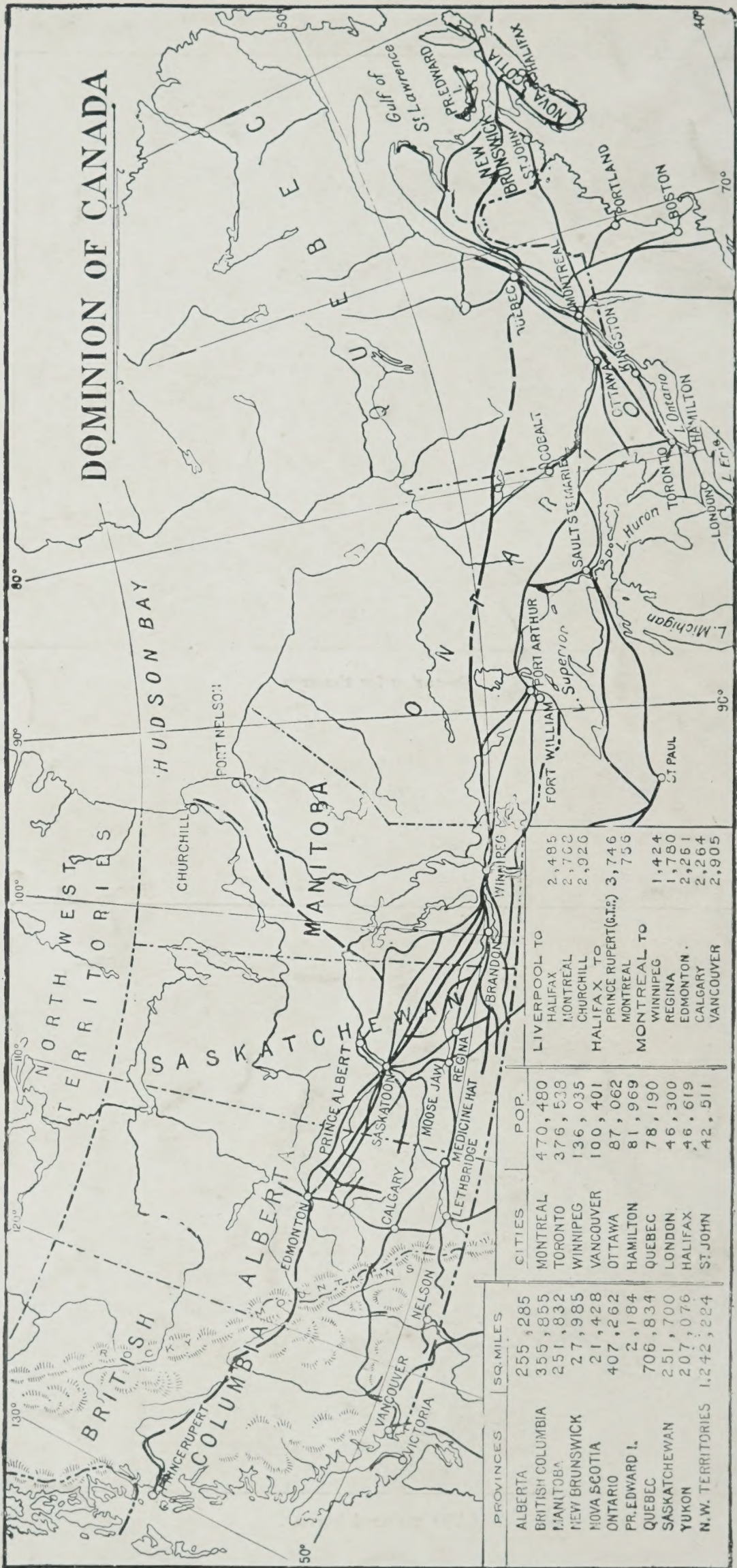
Preparing for the crop.



The gathered harvest.



# DOMINION OF CANADA



PROVINCES	SQ. MILES	CITIES	POP.
ALBERTA	255,285	MONTREAL	470,480
BRITISH COLUMBIA	355,855	TORONTO	376,538
MANITOBA	251,832	WINNIPEG	136,035
NEW BRUNSWICK	27,985	VANCOUVER	100,401
NOVA SCOTIA	21,428	OTTAWA	87,062
ONTARIO	407,262	HAMILTON	81,969
PR. EDWARD I.	2,184	QUEBEC	78,190
QUEBEC	706,834	LONDON	46,300
SASKATCHEWAN	251,700	HALIFAX	46,619
YUKON	207,076	ST. JOHN	42,511
N.W. TERRITORIES	1,242,224		

LIVERPOOL TO	POP.
HALIFAX	2,485
MONTREAL	2,702
CHURCHILL	2,926
HALIFAX TO	POP.
PRINCE RUPERT (G.I.R.)	3,746
MONTREAL	756
MONTREAL TO	POP.
WINNIPEG	1,424
REGINA	1,780
EDMONTON	2,261
CALGARY	2,264
VANCOUVER	2,905